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NEW STATESMAN

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Not John Bull's Other Island

Relations between Westminster and Dublin are once again at a low ebb. Given Mr Merlyn Rees's extraordinary outburst against the Irish Government for its decision to pursue its torture case against Britain, this is scarcely surprising. Even if the authorities cannot (or will not) find a way of bringing the torturers and bully-boys of the past to book, Mr Rees could surely have given some assurance that in the future licensed thugs will not go unpunished. At the very least, he could have made some expression of regret for the methods of interrogation demonstrably used over a long period in Northern Ireland. Instead, he chose to rail against the Dublin Government for giving comfort to the IRA – and this in the very week that Mr Liam Cosgrave was piloting exceedingly tough measures against subversives through the Irish Parliament.

Mr Rees's defensive petulance has caused deep offence to all shades of Irish opinion. We now learn that the Dublin government's first reaction to the publication of the report was to be a conciliatory statement expressing regret at the necessity of bringing the case against Britain at all, as well as spelling out its continuing commitment to cooperating with this country in the fight against terrorism. It was Westminster's response to the report, as expressed by Mr Rees, which forced Dublin into a more aggressive posture. Furthermore, it is clear, from Dublin sources, that one of the chief motives for their determination to take the case on to the European Court of Human Rights is sheer anger. They feel insulted by British conduct of the case, which was contemptuous of both the Irish Government and the European Commission. They are still enraged by British refusal to furnish evidence and key witnesses, by devious attempts to get the case dropped, by stonewalling at Strasbourg – the sorry story of which John Shirley retails on p. 328.

If relations are to be improved – and it is vital for all our sakes that they should be – Westminster politicians will have to stop treating the Irish Government as some kind of subordinate power whose only proper attitude is one of loyal and unquestioning support for British Government policies. Whatever the status of the six Ulster counties, the rest of Ireland won its independence over 50 years ago and now has a sovereign government which must be treated as an equal, not as a colony to be marked up or dressed down according to Mr Rees's or Mr Airey Neave's perceptions of its good behaviour.

This is not of course to say that we should blindly approve the Irish Government's policies, any more than that they should submissively accept ours. It so happens that Mr Cosgrave's new measures against the IRA are harsh to the point of repression, far beyond anything yet suggested by a British government, and he has already said that he will not hesitate to introduce even harsher measures should the need arise. It is of considerable significance that, only this week, the editors of Dublin's leading papers should have let it be known that they are extremely alarmed about the implications of the emergency laws. They fear not just censorship, but all its implications from official snooping to small-hours arrests.

Although Mr Cosgrave has kept a tactful silence in public about what he regards as Mr Rees's irresponsible flirtation with the Provos, this has nothing to do with any desire to win the approval of Westminster – and nor has the proposed emergency legislation. His actions are governed by the clear assumption that British and Irish interests have not always been the same in the past, and will very probably not be so in the future.

For he has, after all, a stronger and more direct motive to be tough with the IRA than any British government. He knows very well that if the going gets dramatically more difficult, Britain can – and quite possibly will – withdraw from Northern Ireland. The British Government has failed to appreciate Irish feelings about torture; now, while whining for sympathy, it has totally failed to appreciate Irish fears for the future. There can be no understanding, and no progress, until we in this country finally realise what governs all Irish thinking – the terrible knowledge that for them there is no going home.

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Spotlight on the TUC

Peter Paterson

And Now for the Good News

Amid the crescendo of eager toasts being drunk to the health of Mr Paul Johnson by the union leaders gathered in Brighton this week for the annual Trades Union Congress, it has been possible to discern some feeling of anxiety that the movement may not be getting quite so good a press as it believes it deserves. After all, in the annual pre-Congress Gallup Poll published by the *Sunday Telegraph*, the unions did rather well this year. A handy majority – 59 per cent – thought they were being reasonable in their attitudes towards the Government's anti-inflation policies, and 60 per cent – up nine percentage points in a year – actually thought unions a 'good thing', with only 25 per cent demurring.

Yet, as they climb in public favour, the unions run into harsher and harsher criticism from the press. And, in their traditional way, they retreat further and further into their shells, pausing only to instruct their lawyers – a disturbing new development this – to issue writs for alleged libel.

But the fact is that no Labour Administration has ever received the degree of support that over the past 15 months or more has been voluntarily bestowed by the TUC. The cynics explain this away with two different arguments. First, that having plunged the country into economic crisis by demanding, and getting, extortionate wage increases throughout 1974, they are now trying to save their own skins and, by an appearance of good behaviour, shift the blame for unemployment that properly lies with them. Secondly, that self-imposed pay curbs are simply a *quid pro quo* for a cornucopia of pro-union legislation that actually represents a splendid bargain for the TUC. This argument often goes further: the unions are now virtually running the country, with Labour ministers – particularly Michael Foot – acting as the lapdogs of the General Council.

Into this general framework all sorts of other charges and accusations are fitted. We are told that by a relentless pursuit of the closed shop – aided by freedom-sapping laws – the unions are hell-bent on enslaving the workers and are ready to hound all nonconformists out of their livelihoods. We hear that they waste the money paid in subscriptions by their members spending vast sums on the creature comforts of officials who constitute a new mandarin class.

An amiable old fogy like Cyril Plant, this year's president of the TUC and general secretary of the Inland Revenue Staff federation, is ludicrously tagged by the *Daily Mail* as the 'Lenin of Lewes'. Jack Jones, one of the most remarkable figures to emerge from the trade union movement, a man of impeccable socialist credentials whose fierce loyalty to Labour might sometimes be said to conflict with narrower definitions of the role of a union leader, is lampooned as an 18th-century Duke of Newcastle, King Louis XIV and Emperor Jones all in the space of a single article.

In an uncharacteristic understatement, Clive Jenkins told the *Daily Telegraph* this week: 'It is worrying to be so misunderstood.' Indeed it must be, and it has to be said that in the September sunshine of Brighton, with the unions seriously debating an enormous variety of national topics with courtesy and concern for their fellow citizens, the fierceness of the critical onslaught is not easy to understand.

Two incidents that occurred this week, one serious and one trivial, help to illustrate how misunderstandings and misapprehensions arise – and also how the world of trade unionism actually represents a genuine and decent aspect of British life. One was the *Tribune* rally, a meeting which was peremptorily closed during the speech of Albert Booth, Secretary of State for Employment, because of constant interruptions by a group of about 50 supporters of the Right to Work Campaign, an unemployment protest movement backed by the International Socialists.

Now, the *Tribune* meeting was undoubtedly rowdy – but no more so than many of its predecessors. Stan Orme, Minister of State in the Social Security Department, not surprisingly, got the worst mauling. Mr Orme, a man of passion, tended to rise to the bait, and the result was quite good knockabout. A sample:

> Stan Orme: 'I was brought up in a one-parent family . . .'
> Heckler: 'Hasn't he done well!'
> Stan Orme: 'I suppose you think that's witty.'

Frank Field of the Child Poverty Action Group got a quiet hearing. Mr Booth managed to get most of his speech across; sitting immediately behind the protesters, I heard it well enough. But the chairman, Neil Kinnock, consistently over-reacted. Twice he halted the proceedings to warn that further interruptions would compel him to close the meeting – and having fired off both barrels already, he had no room for manoeuvre when Booth was being heckled.

The second incident I hesitate to mention, since it involved my going to a party to which I had not been invited. However, with a colleague I wandered into a lunchtime reception being given by the Institution of Professional Civil Servants at the Old Ship Hotel. While we were enjoying our drinks the host, IPCS general secretary Bill McCall, wandered over and apologised that the number of people present made it difficult for them all to be served quickly. 'That's the most civil way I've ever been rebuked for gate-crashing,' I said. 'Oh, no,' he replied. 'If you didn't get an invitation it was because of an oversight.'

Such agreeable personal contacts do not, of course, refute the angry charges that the country has fallen into the grip of a power-mad bureaucracy, any more than an abandoned *Tribune* meeting proves that the unions cannot run their affairs without bitter personal exchanges or the fear or threat of violence.

The union leaders themselves – who traditionally handle their own publicity – may be partly to blame for the misrepresentations and misunderstandings that surround them. But newspaper and television concentration on horror stories like the Leyland strikes, to take one example, does obscure the better news that fewer days are being lost on account of strikes in British industry generally than at any time for well over 20 years. Nor is it fair to belabour the unions for undoubted shortcomings in their rule books and disciplinary codes without pointing out at the same time that common law rights of redress remain intact alongside new labour legislation.

There has been a lot of new legislation, much of it devised in close consultation between the government and the TUC since 1974. People's rights at work have been greatly enhanced and women, particularly, are being given a squarer deal. But much of this flurry of enactments has done no more than to catch up with similar laws that have existed in other industrialised countries for many years. If the closed shop is a British exception it is naïve not to recall that pressure for its achievement – always much more apparent on the shop floor than among members of the General Council – is now accompanied by at least some legal safeguards for the individual where none existed before.

In crude terms, of course, a bargain has indeed been struck between the unions and the Government, and that does tend to worry some traditionalists. Wage restraint is the price that the unions are paying and the pressure and responsibility on the union leaders are enormous. Meanwhile, as this week's Congress demonstrated, they are as far from imposing their will on Messrs Callaghan and Healey on the economic policies that should accompany wage restraint (if it is not to prove an empty sacrifice) as they would be under a government of any other political complexion. That should be the cause of a different kind of concern. As an Emperor, Mr Jones seems to have mislaid his prerogatives.

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Bruce Palling

Ian Smith's Second Front

The current zeal at rooting out priestly law-breakers in Rhodesia could involve more than Bishop Donal Lamont and some of his African priests along the Mozambique border, for if the mood grabs the Attorney-General's Department charges could be laid against no less than the recently installed Roman Catholic Archbishop of Salisbury, Patrick Chakaipa. Last month, His Grace moved into the official residence, next to his Gothic-revival cathedral, thus becoming Rhodesia's most visible offender under the Land Tenure Act, which forbids Africans from residing in white areas. The dilemma is rarely discussed in polite church society.

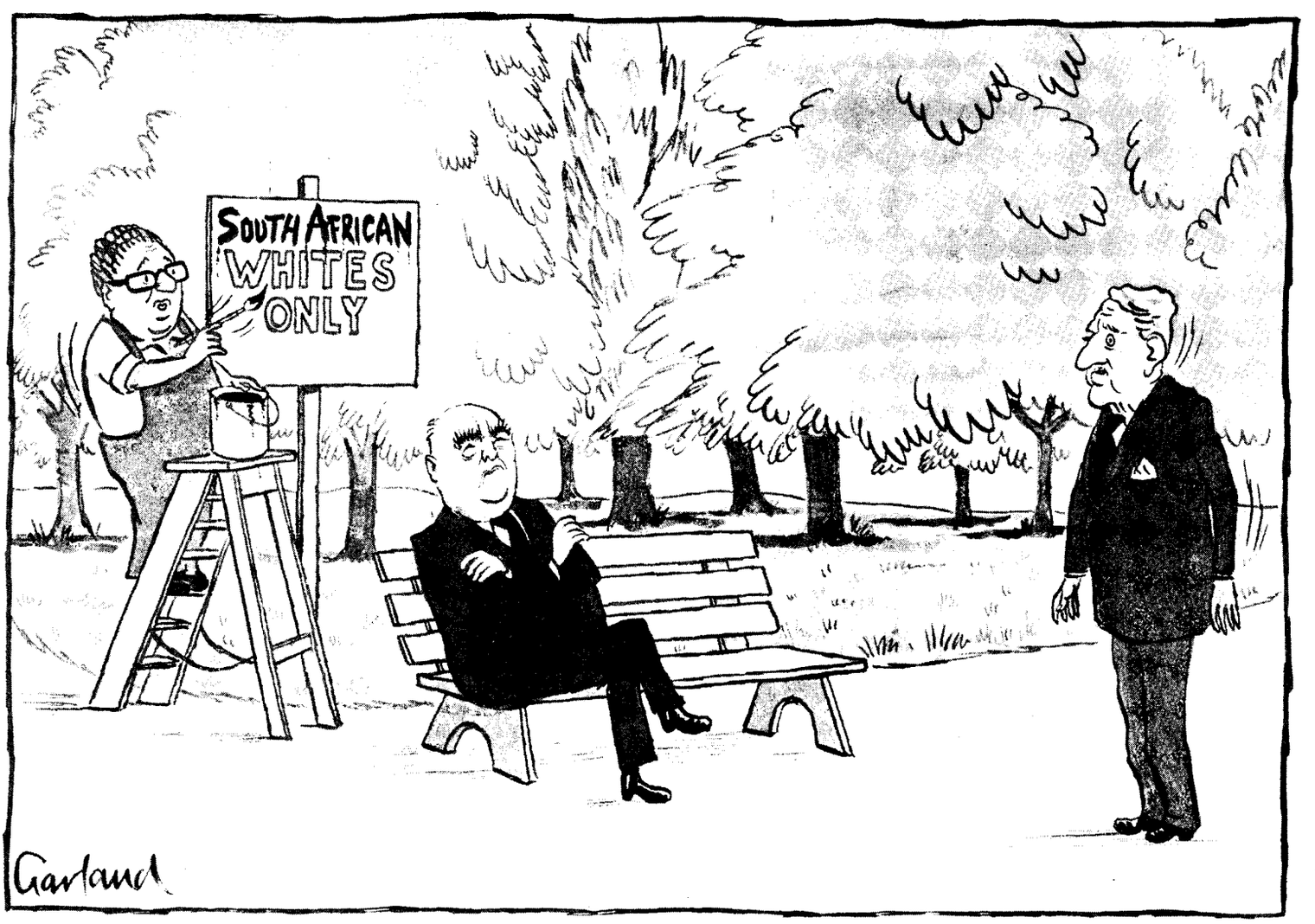
Church-state relations have never been worse than at present, though, with the charging of Irish-born Bishop Lamont on two counts of failing to report the presence of guerrillas in his diocese and two further charges of inciting others to do the same. With the Catholic Church being the most powerful and articulate institution opposing the Government, such charges were inevitable against church people sooner or later.

The Law and Order (Maintenance) Act has been used for several years now to send African farm labourers to prison for up to 15 years should they fail to inform security forces of the presence of the Vakomana (the boys) on their master's farm. Because several large mission stations virtually abut the border with Mozambique, where each night a thousand or so Rhodesian guerrillas circulate, there is frequent contact between them and mission inhabitants. Because of the harsh terrain along the eastern border, coupled with the months-long dry season, guerrillas have to search for sustenance and the most obvious place is the mission station. In the earlier days of the guerrilla war, crude impromptu lectures would also be given to the assembled pupils and farm labourers but, generally, there has been no concerted attempt to win the population over with words. The Smith Government rejects any description of the Vakomana as guerrillas – instead, they are 'terrorists' and consequently have no protection under the Geneva Convention for prisoners-of-war. If captured in possession of any type of weapon, the guerrillas are executed. Hence, it is hardly surprising that the guerrillas mete out special punishments for any Africans who betray their presence to the authorities.

Those priests with experience in the eastern border region all admit that virtually every mission station constantly violates the Law and Order (Maintenance) Act. For the Africans – tenant farmers as well as students on the missions – the prospect of several years' imprisonment or mutilation by the guerrillas are hardly inviting options, so they do the expedient thing: keep quiet.

The mission stations last year provided education for more than 1,300,000 African primary students and two thirds of the 40,000 secondary pupils. They have come under strong attack in Parliament recently by Rhodesian Front MPs who say: 'Some of these new missionaries have descended to the level of tribesmen, their wives carrying their babies on their backs African style and going so far as to breast-feed their babies on the pavements in public.'

Bishop Lamont is arguably the most popular European in Rhodesia among the African population and quite the antithesis among his own kith and kin. According to one priest sympathetic to him, fully two-thirds of the several hundred European Catholic priests in Rhodesia oppose his methods and his pastoral letters. In his latest open letter to the government immediately after the Rhodesian raid into Mozambique he stated: 'No wonder the oppressed people, made marginal to society in their own country, have welcomed and continue to welcome those whom they call "freedom-



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fighters" and whom you call "terrorists".' As if supplying a paraphrase of the impending case against him at the end of this month, the open letter continued:

> Over the years and as a matter of principle the Catholic Church had to refuse to practise racial segregation in its schools and hospitals or to limit, to the percentage laid down by your administration, the service of Christian charity which is commanded of it by the Gospel. Today, an equally important decision will have to be taken whenever or wherever the charity of the Church is sought by those who are in conscience opposed to your regime.

The case against Bishop Lamont allegedly involves an Irish nun, whom the state accuses of giving help to the guerrillas with the approval of the bishop, and in another instance it is alleged the bishop advised others to do the same in another part of the diocese. It is unlikely that the bishop will deny complicity in the charges and the chances are that he will attempt to take responsibility for all of the alleged infringements committed by church people in his diocese.

When I spoke to him a few days ago he said: 'The Government has driven churchmen into a corner where they must obey either the state or their divine mandate. To carry out the role of the missionary is to incarnate the whole of the Church's teachings.' Legal circles in Salisbury speculate that the bishop could end up with a minimum sentence of five years' imprisonment but despite the serious nature of the charges no attempt has been made to put the bishop on bail or to impound his travel documents.

The tension between church and state has not been confined to the Catholic Church. The United Methodist Chikore Mission, along the south-east border, was shut down last month by the Government after years of friction between mission staff, the surrounding farmers and security forces. Only 12 miles from the Mozambique border the 18,000 acre Chikore mission has never been attacked, although last February a nearby farm was mortared and shot at. This and the constant mining of the surrrounding dirt roads led to a petition being circulated among local farmers calling for the closure of the station, from which more than a third of the 38 pupils vanished into Mozambique in July last year.

An offer by security forces to install a dusk-to-dawn guard on the mission several months ago was politely turned down, and last March a dead boy clad in khaki shorts was displayed to all the staff and pupils, ostensibly for identification. Last June, the security forces mounted a massive search of the entire mission, presumably for arms, but none were discovered. Then, the 420 tenant farmers and their families were herded into two 'protected villages' – a concept of denying guerrillas access to the local population which was pioneered in Malaya and later refined in the strategic hamlet programme in South Vietnam. The day before the barbed wire was strung up, an African said to be a government informer, and who prompted the decision to set up the villages, was beaten and then shot dead by guerrillas. Some missions in the Umtali region are closing at the end of the year both because of the flight of African pupils into Mozambique for guerrilla training and the departure of European children overseas with their families. Most of the estimated 10-15,000 guerrillas currently training in Mozambique were educated at missions as well as the leaders of both factions of the African National Council. One MP recently echoed the sentiments of most Government members when he declared: 'I do not wish to become involved in any religious controversy, but it is a tragic fact that the Church has been infiltrated and that communist ideology permeates much of today's Christian teaching.'

A far cry indeed, from founder Cecil Rhodes's dictum, that missionaries were better than policemen, and cheaper.

John Shirley*

Judgment at Strasbourg

If the Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, Merlyn Rees, really cannot understand why the Irish Government is being so unsporting as to press on with its torture case against Britain, he would be well advised to study the press reports that followed the publication of the indictment against Britain by the European Commission of Human Rights last week. With few exceptions, the coverage reflected all the ill-informed pomposity and exasperation with the 'mere' Irish that have contributed so much to the contempt in which British policy is held across the water.

The *Daily Telegraph* indulged in a semantic quibble with the commission on the meaning of the word 'torture'; the *Daily Mail* conceded that torture had been practised, but argued (incredibly) that it was justified; *The Times* thought the whole thing was now best forgotten. The richest quote I heard was on the BBC World Service programme, *Ulster Today*: 'Not since the days of hanging, drawing and quartering and the rack, has the word "torture" tainted the Mother of Parliaments here in Britain . . .'

That is simply not true. Apart from any other sins, Britain holds the unenviable distinction of being the only European country to be accused before the Human Rights Commission *twice* for torturing people (the last time was in Cyprus). The techniques of sensory deprivation were not applied to *only* 14 men in Belfast *as long ago* as 1971, as the papers were so keen to emphasise. They have been used in varying combinations by British Army interrogators in almost every colonial campaign the UK has fought since the end of World War II. Further, the British Army has exported its finesse to a number of Western allies, most notably West Germany, the wretched Salazar dictatorship in Portugal, and, more recently, to Iran. So far as one can tell, the British Army still trains its own interrogators, and possibly those of other nations, in the use of these devices. The fact that they should have to be applied to white, British civilians before their ethics are even questioned is nothing to be proud of. Who knows when and where they may be used again?

In this context, of course, the verdict of the Human Rights Commission assumes a wholly new dimension. It is not merely an indictment of a sordid little incident in an Irish town, but an adverse judgment on a chapter of colonial atrocities which we have been anxious to forget. If upheld before the European Court of Human Rights next year, the commission verdict could have important consequences for the training of military personnel in every NATO country (indeed in the lonely and courageous view of Lord Gardiner, who looked into these matters for the Tories at the end of 1971, their use has always been illegal – something the apologists for torture are inclined to overlook).

Perhaps a more important aspect of the Strasbourg judgment, however, is its observations on the period that followed the use of the five techniques. Between the introduction of internment and the imposition of direct rule in Northern Ireland, more than 170 people were systematically beaten up by members of the British Army and/or the Royal Ulster Constabulary. Most of these assaults occurred not idly (or even understandably) in the streets at the moment of arrest, but during interrogation at the Palace Barracks, Holywood, and elsewhere. Some of the victims sustained broken bones, injuries to the genital areas, severe bruising and psychological damage. Others claimed to have been drugged. A few (certainly the five to whom I referred in an article entitled 'Ulster, Torture and the Police,' NS 13 July, 1973), were given crude electric shocks. Like a number of the sensory deprivation victims, many, it would seem, were innocent of any terrorist involvement (a point the *Daily Mail* did not attempt to square with its justification of the use of torture last week). The practices were firmly stamped on by William White law when he went to Belfast in March 1972 although, according to the Irish Government, they continued sporadically until a least January 1974.

In its submission to the Human Right Commission, Dublin presented evidence o 228 incidents of such ill-treatment, includ ing pre- and post-direct rule occurrences They cited 16 examples as 'illustrative' o the general practice and invited close exam ination. In eight cases, the commission ha found the victims were subjected to 'in human treatment'; in three cases they ha been 'severely assaulted' (one had been 'ver severly injured by army personnel', an

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*John Shirley's book *The Question: the Story of Torture in Northern Ireland and how it was stopped* will be published by Hutchinson next year.

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other 'very seriously assaulted without provocation'); in five other cases there was insufficient evidence to make a judgment. Not a single case was rejected. Given that Article 3 of the European Convention on Human Rights prohibits not only 'torture' but also 'inhuman or degrading treatment', the implications of that ruling for the other 214 cases would seem to widen the indictment against the British Government somewhat. So, we have not been judged on the basis of 14 men in 1971, but of at least 252 men up to 1974 – a broader sweep of offences than we were led to believe last week.

For its part, the European Commission has bent over backwards to accommodate Westminster's difficulties. It has generously accepted that internment without trial was justified in the circumstances of the Irish troubles. It has tolerated a remarkable abuse of its own procedures by the British side: their refusal to furnish evidence or key witnesses; their stone-walling tactics at the hearings themselves; their attempt to delay the proceedings for as long as possible (which explains why the whole exercise has taken nearly five years to get this far). Attempts by British ministers to stop the whole thing, by leaning on the government in Dublin or on the commission itself, have been graciously ignored. All things considered, the British Government have got off very lightly.

One would not think so to read the response of Mr Rees. He blusters that the offending practices were stopped after the Gardiner investigation; he claims that full compensation has been paid etc. etc. etc. Mr Rees chooses to ignore the sustained period of official violence that lasted in Belfast up to the introduction of direct rule, or – if you accept the Dublin view – the beginning of 1974 (and who knows what since then). He neglects to say that compensation has had to be fought for through the civil courts: it was only after a number of adverse judgments that the British Government realised the hopelessness of opposition and discreetly paid up to keep the victims quiet.

Even now no one in the British Government has had the good grace to say so much as sorry. All Mr Rees can do is protest that only terrorists will benefit from a continued haggling of the case. That is the least important aspect of the affair: the IRA will not stand or fall in Ireland on the judgment handed down from Strasbourg.

The real tragedy of British torture in Ireland is that it taints us all. Its legacy can be seen across the water in the appalling 'romper rooms' of East Belfast and in the intensity of Catholic suspicion of British policy (of which torture was once, remember, an integral part). At home, we have the disturbing spectacle of politicians and at least one national newspaper justifying the use of practices which the European Commission of Human Rights has now described as 'a modern system of torture'. Once upon a time, the only serious figure in the Western world who would stand up publicly to defend the use of torture was Jacques Massu, the French general in Algeria. Now, after 30 years of covert use in far-flung corners of the Empire, the legacy of British torture has finally come home to roost.

Anthony Howard

Sweden's Socialism without Tears

The Swedes take their politics, like their pleasures, solemnly. The Hammond family of BBC-1's weekly soap opera *The Brothers* may have been touring Sweden last month but they were not lending their fame to any political party. Instead they were impartially extolling the work ethic by squeezing in – between rehearsing this autumn's Sunday night episodes – a series of personal appearances in a country where they have become, if anything, even more popular than they are in Britain. Patrick O'Connell, who plays the eldest Hammond brother, Edward, told me on the plane travelling back from Stockholm to London that he thought the secret of the serial's success in Sweden was that it was about a small family firm – a business based on the solid Nordic virtues of effort, industry and enterprise. 'What they like about us,' he explained, 'is the idea of there always being a reward for initiative and hard work.'

I am not sure that that was not the most perceptive political comment I heard in the ten days I spent in Sweden. After 44 years of virtually uninterrupted rule the Social Democrats face on 19 September the 15th electoral challenge to their continuance in office. Sensing the danger of the 'time for a change' appeal, they are trying their hardest to draw a sharp demarcation line between their own record of performance and the promises of their parliamentary Opposition – the forces of the Centre and the Right upon whom long ago they (perhaps rashly) pinned the collective label of 'the bourgeoisie parties'. The haunting doubt in at least some Social Democrats' minds is whether a bourgeois backlash may not at last be building up – whether, in fact, the Hammonds of Sweden will not come out in strength in ten days' time, and decide that in what is still basically an opportunity state the Paul Merroneys of this world deserve to be given their chance.

HOW UNFAIR – SHOULD WE WAKE HIM UP AND TELL HIM?
CONSERVATIVE PARTY CENTRAL OFFICE
TORIES CRITICISE SHADOW CABINET SLACKNESS

Mr Olof Palme's Social Democrats have certainly taken out their insurance against the risk of any such thing happening. Their poster and publicity campaign – one of the most lavish I have seen in an election anywhere – looks uncannily like a 'rip-off' from the one Lord Poole and the Conservatives ran so successfully in Britain in 1959. From every street corner and canal bridge in Stockholm the posters stare out at you of idealised, Madison Avenue young families complete with beautiful babies gratefully acknowledging the benefits of prosperity. 'This is a good country, Let's make it better' runs the slogan (only, after all, a more polite variation of the Tory 1959 campaign message 'Life's better with the Conservatives, Don't let Labour ruin it').

Significantly, however, nowhere in their publicity do the Social Democrats include a single picture of Prime Minister Palme or, indeed, of any of his cabinet colleagues. It struck me as an odd omission, especially as the three principal Opposition parties (the Conservatives, the Liberals and the real alternative – the agrarian, anti-nuclear Centre Party) are largely resting their respective appeals to the electorate on photographs of *their* leaders. I tried hard to establish if there was any reason for this bashfulness among the Social Democrats but all I encountered was a wall of embarrassed silence or a prim 'Here in Sweden we are interested in issues, not in personalities'. So perhaps there is nothing for it but to chance my own explanation.

The strongest thing the Social Democrats have going for them in the election is the state of the Swedish economy. Unemployment, even taking into account housewives and school-leavers, is running at a figure of only just 1.6 per cent (compared with Britain's 6.4 per cent and the US's 7.9). By careful forward planning, involving stockpiling and the release of investment funds (largely the work of Mr Gunnar Sträng, the Finance Minister and the one undoubtedly popular member of the Government), Sweden has largely managed to ride out the world recession and is now poised to take full advantage of any up-turn in international trade. Life, in short, these past three years has been good and gives every sign of getting better – a point that Prime Minister Palme was driving home only the other day with his proud announcement that average living standards in Sweden had now overtaken those of the United States.

On the other hand, there is no denying that there is a deep undertow of resentment, especially among the middle and professional classes, against Mr Palme and his government. That resentment has already found its expression in something dangerously like a taxation revolt – an increasing resistance on the part of high-

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income earners against meeting the bills of what must be the most expensive welfare state in the world. When earlier in the summer a much-respected children's author, Astrid Lindgren, publicly protested at being required to pay taxes of 102 per cent on her earnings – and Ingmar Bergman threatened to shake the dust of his native land off his feet as a result of a run-in with the police and the tax-collector – it mattered not at all that in neither case did the issues prove to be anything like as clear-cut as the two complainants had tried to make out: a very raw nerve had plainly been touched somewhere deep in the Swedish psyche. If the election had been held in the immediate wake of these two incidents, even Mr Palme is ready to concede that he would have had very little chance of winning it.

Now, however, Prime Minister Palme sounds a good deal more confident. I talked to him late at night after he had spent a very full day of electioneering in the glass region capital of Växjö in southern Sweden: even at the age of 49, he was wearing denims and had a kerchief round his neck held in place by a Des Wilson-type woggle. But then informality is very much the pattern of Swedish politics: I had flown that morning from Stockholm on a commuters' plane that also had on board no fewer than five cabinet ministers but not a single security man. Ever since the West German embassy was blown up by terrorists in the spring of last year, Mr Palme himself has had to agree always to be accompanied by a plain-clothes detective; but it is a precaution that he clearly resents – and which, he hastens to explain, is on a good deal more modest a scale than the 24 Secret Service men who together form the corporate bodyguard of an American presidential candidate.

Sweden, Mr Palme realises very well, is not exactly popular with the kind of America represented by *Time* magazine and Gerald Ford and I asked him why he thought it was that Swedish social democracy had attracted so much opprobrium and hostility in the United States right from the days of General Eisenhower's notorious speech about 'suicide' and 'drunkenness' at the 1960 Republican convention. He could easily have given me an answer in terms of his own record on Vietnam or even his current stance (some distance from Dr Kissinger's) on the racial struggle in southern Africa. Instead he chose – in an echo from his uncle, Palme Dutt – to reply in terms of the class struggle. Explaining that he was no stranger to seeing 'the vultures assemble' in the last stages of an election campaign, he went on to develop his own theory as to why it was that Sweden was so much resented by the world's business community:

> What they dislike in what is sometimes called the Swedish 'model' is that we have shown that social progress is possible by peaceful means – progress carried out by a popular movement based on ordinary wage-earners, white-collar workers and some small business men. This to reactionaries is a quite unbearable challenge.

I did not get the impression that Mr Palme himself thought that challenge was going to become any more bearable for the more rugged representatives of world capitalism after Sweden had voted on 19 September; indeed, he seemed to regard the fact that his government was going into this election with a smaller percentage of popular support behind it than at any time since opinion polls started in Sweden as an asset rather than a liability. The party, he argued, had made the mistake of being too complacent in 1973 – when its record as the natural governing party of Sweden was saved only by the grudging cooperation in Parliament of the Communists. This time, the knowledge that they were fighting with their backs to the wall would, he was sure, be a great help in mobilising maximum Social Democratic support.

The Communists, nonetheless, remain the key to the Social Democrats' electoral strategy. They may regularly chastise Mr Palme's government for propping up 'a monopolist, capitalist state' but unless they get the qualifying quota of 4 per cent of the national vote on Sunday week, the Social Democrats will almost certainly have to hand over the work of 44 years to the bourgeoisie parties. Undoubtedly that would occasion a great shout of triumph in the pleasure gardens of the West – within which Sweden has always been regarded as something of a Trojan horse. Not least for Mrs Thatcher, it would put the final seal of satisfaction on the defeats the Left has sustained over the past year in such other Anglo-Saxon redoubts as Australia, New Zealand and even (the place that Mr Palme himself felt was the nearest equivalent to the Swedish 'model') the Canadian province of British Columbia.

But what about the reverse case? If Sweden's Social Democratic government does survive its most crucial test so far later this month, the reaction of socialists elsewhere must clearly be one of relief, even of pleasure. But of triumph? I just wish I could get out of my mind the memory of Mr Macmillan telling a garden party at Bedford before the 1959 election: 'Let us be frank about it, most of our people have never had it so good' – or, indeed, the vision of all those posters in praise of affluence dominating the landscape of Sweden today just as they did the landscape of Tory Britain 17 years ago.

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Martin Wright*

The Lessons of Hull

The series of riots and demonstrations in prisons over the last few years points to something basically wrong with the system. The latest, in Hull last week, resulted in damage estimated at £2m. Fortunately, the damage was almost solely confined to property, but a question mark still hangs over the origins of the outburst and the Prison Department's next moves. Will, in fact, anything be done?

Not unless the Home Secretary responds more imaginatively than his predecessors. After the Parkhurst riot of 1969, when Mr James Callaghan held the office, several prisoners were put on trial and given additional sentences, while the Home Office firmly denied that violence had occurred *only* because of mishandling by prison officers. The widespread demonstrations in 1972 were handled more coolly, but were followed by stiff punishments and a general tightening-up of custodial regimes whose effects can still be felt in high-tension prisons such as Albany. The then Home Secretary, Mr Robert Carr, commissioned internal reports on rewards and punishments. These led to some reforms, such as the abolition of bread-and-water diet, but also to the abominable control unit which it fell to Mr Roy Jenkins to announce and, mercifully, to abolish.

In neither case was there a public inquiry; as always, neither staff nor inmates were permitted to join in public debate. The official version was that the trouble could be blamed on a handful of 'subversives' or 'troublemakers' who intimidated other prisoners into taking part. The possibility of genuine grievances, inadequate procedures for resolving them, or errors by staff or management, appeared to have little place in official thinking. It was control all the way.

Of course some prisoners *are* difficult. A study of four maximum security prisons in the *Prison Service Journal* this year found that one in five of prisoners under 25 was considered a management problem, compared with one in 20 of men of 40 and over. One in four of those who had committed robbery was so described, and those serving long sentences (other than life) were also over-represented. It is not surprising that young aggressive men facing a long spell in prison are rebellious; the essential thing is to recognise that other factors such as prison regulations and practices also need consideration. One of these is the system of security classification introduced by Mr Jenkins himself in 1966 after the escapes

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scare: prisoners in the maximum security Category A are subject to additional frustrations, and are powerless to do anything about them.

It would be a fitting close to his second term of office if Mr Jenkins would now order an inquiry into the background of unrest within prisons. It should be independent, with research staff available, and should invite staff, prisoners, their relatives and any other visitors such as social workers to give evidence. The announcement in itself might help to defuse demonstrations which might otherwise be triggered off in other prisons. The aim should not be to apportion blame, but to increase understanding of all the circumstances. Its report should be published. It should consider staff training, which at present lasts only eight weeks and is almost entirely about control, with very little reference to the complex psychology of closed institutions. It should look at present methods of enforcing control: are governors too ready to segregate prisoners without hearing 'for the maintenance of good order and discipline'? When this is done, need the prisoners be stripped of other privileges such as radios? When removing prisoners to punishment cells or segregation units, 'prisons within prisons', do prison officers use force unnecessarily? This is a sensitive area, and the Prison Officers' Association, which had a surplus of £44,000 in 1975, could do its members a service by appointing its own research officer.

Next, there should be a re-examination of the safeguards in prisons for both inmates and staff. The grievance procedure should be overhauled to enable prisoners to make complaints without fear of retribution if they are not upheld. Above all, barriers isolating prisons from the outside world should be lowered, beginning with censorship, especially on letters to lawyers and MPs. Prison visitors and similar groups should be encouraged.

One of the difficulties of the humane, understanding approach is that it takes longer. Giving orders is quicker than explaining reasons; visitors claim a proportion of staff time (although one suspects that this excuse for restricting access is used more than strictly necessary). So the next priority must be to give prisons a breather by limiting the use of this expensive resource to the most urgent cases. This could be partly achieved immediately, without cost, by the shortening of sentences; in addition, it means creating more sensible ways of dealing with the thousands of social casualties for whom crime is merely a part of the tangle into which their lives have drifted. To help them sort themselves out, they need to be prevented from escaping *to* prison. At present, over £150m. is spent on prisons, and £30m. on probation. These proportions should in time be reversed.

The ultimate outcome should be a reappraisal of prison as an instrument of social control. We talk of 'teaching offenders a lesson', but prison teaches all the wrong things, such as how to outwit the authorities. If an offender harms society or its members, punishment for its own sake merely adds to the total harm. Instead, we need to develop sanctions based on the principle of reparation to the victim and service to the community.

Peter Wilby

Time for a Common Curriculum

The conventional wisdom of British education is that curriculum is the exclusive preserve of the professionals, that it constitutes a 'secret garden' jealously guarded from political tampering. Anthony Crosland, a former Education Secretary, has recalled: 'I didn't regard either myself or my officials as in the slightest degree competent to interfere with the curriculum. We're educational politicians and administrators, not professional educationalists.' The Secretary of State may be allowed to advise, encourage and warn, but no more.

This school year there are indications that the orthodoxy is being quite openly challenged, both inside and outside the Department of Education and Science. Mr James Hamilton, the Department's new permanent secretary, drew attention, at a recent conference, to that section of the 1944 Education Act charging the Secretary of State with 'promoting the education of the people of England'.

He commented: 'This must mean more than seeing that teachers, buildings and other resources are available on whatever scale the country can afford. It must mean, I believe, a much closer interest by the Department in the curriculum in its widest sense, the assessment of performance and even the relationship of teaching method to performance.' At another conference, the Department's Chief Inspector said: 'I don't fear the notion of a common curriculum – a common agreement about the kind of things that need to be taught.'

Britain is exceptional in the freedom it accords its teachers. Neither the Department of Education nor local authorities nor even school governors (though the 1944 Act gives them wide powers) interfere significantly with the content or method of instruction. The teacher's classroom is his professional castle.

Thirty years ago, perhaps, it did not matter. There was a degree of consensus about what ought to be taught and learnt in schools. Maths was basic arithmetic, literature was Shakespeare, history was kings, queens and battles, geography was capital cities, chemistry was test tubes, physics was magnets and so on. Today, teachers retreat to country house conferences to ponder what constitutes history or, even, whether history constitutes anything at all. New subjects, new approaches, new reading schemes, new aims and objectives have multiplied in schools over the past ten years under a fog of jargon impenetrable to any outsider, and accompanied by a high tide of books (or 'resources' as the professionals prefer to call them) which have made a quick fortune for a number of publishing firms.

Public authorities, far from keeping a close eye on this ferment of haphazard activity, have virtually abdicated. School inspectors in Inner London – limited largely, as the Tyndale inquiry revealed, to 'advice and support' – spend only 5 per cent of their time formally inspecting schools, and less than half their time inside schools at all. A rough calculation suggests that some of the authority's schools will be inspected, on this basis, less than once a century.

The teachers' unions argue that Tyndale is an exception, that, in general, curriculum and instruction methods can be left to the expertise of the professionals. But the benign anarchy of the past ten years has left many teachers muddled even about what expertise they should possess.

A Schools Council study published last year asked primary teachers to rank 72 aims of primary teaching in order of importance. Top of the list was creating 'happy, cheerful and well-balanced' children. Reading with understanding and reading fluently and accurately were ranked second and fourth but the other aims in the top ten included acquiring moral values, enjoying school work, developing courtesy and good manners and learning tolerance. Everyday maths was ranked 15th, acquiring information from written material 30th. Clear and meaningful English, general knowledge, art and craft techniques, clear speaking, science, music, foreign language, criticism and discrimination – all skills that *could* involve teaching expertise – were ranked towards the bottom. The teachers' responses suggest the most profound misconceptions both about what ought to be and what is possible. If teachers *really* know how to teach tolerance and to create well-balanced people, perhaps they would be kind enough to share the secret with the rest of us.

It is this failure to keep skills at the centre of schooling that has caused a crisis of confidence in education. It is a measure of the extent of the crisis that, when it was disclosed that less intelligent children are getting higher exam grades than a decade ago, the instant and almost unchallenged assumption was that marking was more lenient, not that teaching was more efficient.

Those in charge of education can no longer ignore the chorus of complaint from employers, universities and colleges that school-leavers increasingly lack basic skills. The argument that the decline is an illusion, that universities and engineering employers, for example, are now recruiting from more diverse sections of the population, with a lower average level of general ability, is highly questionable. A study by Coventry engineering employers showed that, while the measured intelligence of their recruits had remained roughly constant over a five-year period, performance in English and arithmetic tests had declined dramatically.

To take a different area, which many schools consider to be entirely outside their ambit, the level of political knowledge and understanding among school-leavers is almost as lamentable as the lack of reading and number skills. According to a recent

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survey by the Hansard Society, one in ten 15-year-olds do not know the name of the Prime Minister, over half cannot name the Foreign Secretary, only quarter know both the name and the party of their local MP and a quarter think the Tories stand for more nationalisation. Any trade unionist who has talked to recent school-leavers will assure you that the inadequacy of political education in schools is a sure defence for the status quo.

Whether or not Mr Mulley requires new powers to control the muddle in the schools is a matter for him and his advisers to assess. But, whatever the means, the Secretary of State, local authorities and school governors must accept the responsibility for stating clearly what the community wants from its schools and for insisting that it gets it. No one is suggesting that the details of how a subject is presented should be prescribed. But there is a case for both national and local government establishing the broad outlines of a common core curriculum, which could occupy, say, a quarter of the school time-table. There is an even better case for stating the minimum standards of literacy and numeracy that all children should achieve at certain ages. This, after all, is the only sure guarantee of a genuinely comprehensive system. Even if Mr Mulley had won his battle over Tameside, even if his Education Bill ultimately banishes the selective school from the land, there is nothing to prevent head dividing his school into grammar and secondary modern streams, with different curricula for each. Nor is there anything to stop either an education authority or a school from concentrating resources on a particular group – planning for more O-level exam passes at the expense of closing down the remedial department, as a London head recently proclaimed he was doing. Minimum building standards in schools and minimum health standards in children have long been accepted. Minimum intellectual standards are a further essential step to equal opportunity.

Dev Murarka

The Kremlinologists and Kosygin

Victor Louis did not write it. He did not even suggest it. This much is certain beyond the shadow of any reasonable doubt. The story was planted and written in London. The strangest thing, therefore, about the *Evening News* Kosygin story was that it should have appeared under Louis's by-line. All the more extraordinary that soon after it appeared Auntie BBC came in, loud and clear, with some sly blather about it being decided in Moscow at 'the highest level' to leak it. Now, even a rudimentary acquaintance with Soviet affairs is enough to make anyone infer that there is only one 'highest level' in Moscow, the Politburo of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. The mere idea that the Politburo solemnly gathered to decide to give the story on a platter to the redoubtable Mr Louis is so ridiculous in itself as to reduce one to tears of laughter.

No doubt someone somewhere was keen to spread the news of the Kosygin mishap. But, considering all the circumstances, it would be a fair guess that that someone was either British Intelligence or the Foreign Office in London. After all, it is rare enough these days when either of them have such 'information'. Nor, it would appear, are the high-minded editors and newshawks of Fleet Street beyond accepting such plants, particularly when they are so easily attributable to the other side. So the kudos really must go to that someone's wry sense of humour which hit upon the Victor Louis by-line as a cover-up. The aim remains a puzzle.

Not that the story was wrong. It is more or less true. Mr Kosygin did suffer a mild heart-attack – he is 72 – about a month ago. It is not very pertinent whether he suffered it while swimming or immediately after coming out of the river. The fact is that he has not yet reappeared, though whispered suggestions are being made that his reappearance is imminent enough. But all this has forced open the floodgates of speculation about his future. The floodwaters have become even stronger because of the appointment of Mr Nikolai Tikhonov as a First Deputy Prime Minister, following Mr Kosygin's indisposition. Foreign journalists and diplomats, fairly bored with the long, uneventful summer rest of Mr Brezhnev and Moscow's dead season, are having a whale of a good time with the story. Some are sending Mr Kosygin packing. Others are elevating him as President of the USSR Supreme Soviet, to replace Podgorny because he is old – being 73! The same experts are just as busy appointing his successor, the names ranging from the fairly obvious one of First Deputy Prime Minister Kyril Mazurov to the romantic one of Grigory Romanov, one of the newest full members of the Politburo and first secretary of the Leningrad District Communist Party. Easy, anti-comrades, easy.

In this hot-house atmosphere, where facts are not only hard to come by but in many cases just a tribute to free-wheeling imagination, it is not at all difficult to ignore realities. One of these realities is that as long as Messrs Brezhnev and Kosygin have been around in their present position, i.e. since October 1964, speculators have been predicting the departure of one or the other or both with monotonous regularity. The only difference in recent years has been that the obvious physical frailities of advanced age have provided a more plausible rationale for such speculation. The latest twist is that Mr Kosygin's new indisposition has shifted the limelight to him from Mr Brezhnev. One can be sure that Mr Brezhnev is enjoying the joke with great relief.

And while facts are in short supply, proper use is not being made even of such as are available. Take the appointment of Mr Tikhonov, for instance. Kosygin's accident or illness and his promotion have simply been linked together on the *post hoc, ergo propter hoc* basis. But is it really the case? To begin with, Mr Tikhonov fills a long-standing vacancy. Since 1973 there has been only one First Deputy Premier, Mr Mazurov. It is possible that Mr Tikhonov's promotion has been hastened to provide greater assistance to an enfeebled Kosygin. On the other hand, at 71, Mr Tikhonov is hardly of an age at which he can be reasonably called in to fill Mr Kosygin's place.

The real story may lie in why the post was kept vacant for so long. There is some evidence to suggest that Mr Tikhonov's promotion is the outcome of an inner power struggle of a definite character. Some time ago it was on the cards that Mr Boris Stukalin, who is 54 and since 1970 the chairman of the State Committee for Publishing, would be appointed to this post. But Mr Stukalin's nomination was blocked by the joint efforts of Mr Suslov and Mr Mazurov, because of his incompatibility with the Soviet Union's ideological chief.

And though Mr Stukalin was by implication Mr Brezhnev's choice, the general secretary had to defer to the wishes of his colleagues. Again, it says something for Mr Brezhnev's moderation in dealing with his immediate colleagues. In the end, of course, Mr Brezhnev has got another of his men in, Tikhonov (who has a long connection with Brezhnev's career), but only as a compromise, inoffensive candidate. Most significantly, the appointment of Mr Tikhonov was announced during a brief sojourn of the Soviet leader in Moscow, between his arrival from holidays in the Crimea and his departure on 2 September for an agricultural conference in Alma-Ata, Kazakhstan. It suggests that Mr Brezhnev won his fight at the last minute. But it is far from implying Kosygin's departure in the near future.

It also points to something else. That if there has to be a successor to Mr Kosygin in the near future Mr Mazurov is unlikely to be Mr Brezhnev's choice. Therefore to jump to the obvious conclusion that Mr Mazurov will simply step in to Mr Kosygin's shoes may prove to be without foundation, not to mention the fact that for nearly a year now suggestions have been heard that Mr Mazurov was unlikely to get the job. Besides, if anything has been obvious in recent years where such high-level appointments are concerned, it is that the obvious has not taken place. Even the most garrulously clairvoyant Kremlinologists, for instance, would not have foreseen the promotion of Mr Tikhonov. But it has taken place and not exactly for the reasons they now so confidently advance.

No, on the evidence available so far, it is too premature to write off Mr Kosygin on the strength of an accident or short illness. But what is certain is that a big reorganisation of the ministerial structure is on its way this autumn, the planning for which has been going on since the 25th Party Congress last February. In the process, and as a result of his accident, Mr Kosygin's burden may be made a little lighter without impinging on his status or position.

Moscow

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Wilfred Beckerman

Are the Poor Always With Us?

For some governments the sole raison d'être of international organisations is to provide places to which they can send people that they cannot stand the sight of back home. They find that the organisations fulfil the same sort of function as the punctuation committee in Orwell's *1984*, to which Winston Smith was attached after his spirit had been broken in prison. But few governments could regard the Organisation for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD) in that light. In addition to its operational activities in the field of international economic cooperation it produces valuable studies of a variety of current economic issues. It has a long tradition of improving the comparability of international statistical data and it has acquired sufficient respect for its professional competence and intellectual integrity to be able to take a more courageous line than most organisations in publishing its conclusions. Finally, it has been able, over the years, to organise high-level expert conferences to which – presumably because they are well paid for their pains – eminent authorities in various disciplines contribute original and important work.

And in the last year or so the OECD seems to have hit the jackpot simultaneously in all three respects on a most topical issue, namely inequality in society and its causes and remedies.* First, it has just produced a slim report, under the apparently innocuous title of *Public Expenditures on Income Maintenance Programmes* that already aroused intense interest in France and would do so in other countries if its contents ever became widely known in spite of its exorbitant price.

In fact, although it is not often that research reports by international organisations make the front page headlines of the daily press, this report did so. A few weeks ago the official daily paper of the French Communist Party, *l'Humanité*, carried banner headlines informing its readers that experts working for the 'capitalist' countries at the OECD had shown that 8 million people in France lived below the poverty line. The paper went on to say that the authors of the report had, of course, only revealed the presence of the poor people that they had been unable to hide anyway, and that there must have been another 8 million or so whom they had been able to stuff away in cupboards or behind filing cabinets and so whose presence they had not been obliged to concede. But one of the most striking results of this report was not that it showed that the proportion of the population below the poverty line was greater in France than in any of the other advanced countries covered, but that poverty has persisted to an astonishing degree in *all* the member countries in spite of a great increase in expenditures on programmes that might be expected to eliminate poverty.

This gives rise to three main questions. First, how can the anti-poverty programmes in the various countries be compared? Secondly, how can the poverty levels in the countries be compared? And, finally, if it is true that large expeditures on the alleviation of poverty do not seem to have achieved much, why not? What are the leakages? Where does the money go?

On the first question – how do countries compare with respect to their expenditures on various programmes that should help reduce poverty – the OECD has made a major contribution to the debate about who spends most. Too often public debate is in terms of, for example, what is the level of widows' pensions or sick pay in Britain as compared with other countries, with no allowance made for factors, such as the minimum age at which widows are entitled to draw pensions (the inter-country variation in this is a fascinating example of international variation in social attitudes to poverty and sexual equality), or the length of time that sick pay is payable, or the delay before it is due, or the size and number of additional benefits for dependents, and so on and so forth.

From time to time one sees allegedly comparable tables showing some of these additional conditions that affect the real value to recipients of the various social security and allied programmes in question. But even these do not get one very far. For example, how much weight should one attach to the fact that, in one country, full unemployment benefit may be paid for six months whereas in another it may be only three months, but that in the former the dependants' allowance is smaller than in the latter? Countries vary so much in the precise operation of their social security programmes that some method needs to be found to weight together the value, to the average recipient, of the various detailed conditions and regulations.

The OECD has done this by estimating the actual average amounts paid out in various benefits per recipient. This has enabled it also to make comparisons of the amounts spent on social security in the different countries that allow explicitly for (1) the average payment per beneficiary as a proportion of each country's total income per head (an indicator of one dimension of 'generosity'), which the OECD calls 'the transfer ratio'; (2) the proportion of the population of various groups that is eligible for various benefits – such as the proportion of old people who are entitled to pensions – which is another dimension of 'generosity', of course; and (3) the proportion of the various vulnerable groups, such as old people, in the total population.

It would be wrong therefore to be impressed by a high value of pensions per pensioner if only a small proportion of old people were eligible for these pensions. For the first time the OECD has produced figures which, while subject to various reservations, should provide a comparable basis for many of the figures commonly abused and misused in discussions of international differences in social security provisions, and which should be carefully studied, particularly by those who opposed Britain's entry into the Common Market on the grounds that it would threaten our relatively wonderful welfare state. For the OECD report shows, for example, that British expenditures on the main income maintenance programmes (chiefly pensions, sickness and unemployment benefits, and family allowances), at 7.7 per cent of national product, fell far short of that in other countries, such as France and Germany (both 12.4 per cent), or Belgium and the Netherlands (both 14.1 per cent).

Since, pensions account for about two thirds of total income maintenance payments in most countries the discrepancy between total British payments and those of other countries (as shares of GNP) can be largely ascribed to differences in the share of pensions (4.2 per cent of GNP in Britain, as compared with between 6 and 10 per cent in other countries mentioned above). And with the aid of the method described above it is possible to see that in this case the difference cannot be explained by differences in the age structures of the population – the proportion of old people in the British population being about the same as in the other countries (with the notable exception of the Netherlands). It turns out that the reason is the much lower ratio of pensions per beneficiary to national income per head (i.e. a lower transfer ratio for pensions). In Britain it appears that average state pensions are less than one third of GNP per head, whereas in France they were over a half (in 1972) and in Germany they are two thirds of average GNP per head.

But before those who would like to show how bad the British system is rush in to select from the OECD tables whatever happens to be grist to their particular mill, a further word of warning is needed. This is that differences in 'transfer ratios' still do not necessarily indicate how far the countries try to help the poor; much of the benefits may be paid to the better-off members of the community. For example, the *average* pensioner in one country may seem to receive a generous pension, but rich pensioners therein may receive large pensions and others may receive very low pensions. The importance of the extent to which these various programmes actually benefit the poor becomes apparent when one moves on to the OECD's analysis of the second question posed above, namely how do poverty levels compare in the different countries?

It then appears that even though – as

*__Public Expenditures on Income Maintenance Programmes__ July 1976 OECD, £4.00. (The payments covered comprise pensions, unemployment and sickness benefits, family allowances and social aid such as Supplementary Benefits in Britain); Malcolm Sawyer: 'Income Distribution in OECD Countries', OECD, in __Occasional Studies__ July 1976, £1.00; and __Education, inequality and life chances__, OECD Conference Proceedings, including contributions by Kravis, Boudon, Halsey, Sen, Lindbeck, Okner, Mincer, and others, 2 Vols. £10.60.

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indicated above – the UK spends a far smaller proportion of national product on the various benefits concerned than does, say, France, the proportion of the population that is below the poverty line in Britain is about half as much as in France.

Of course, such comparisons depend on where one draws 'the poverty line'. Other things being equal, the lower the line the smaller the proportion of people below it. The OECD analysis begins with what may be called 'national' poverty lines. These are the income levels specified in the various countries as a condition for eligibility to receive supplementary benefits, public assistance or whatever particular poor-relief programmes are operated in the different countries. Hence, other things being equal, a niggardly country that helps only people below a relatively very low income level will appear to have a small proportion of its population below its own 'official' poverty line. But, while it is interesting to see how far countries have succeeded in eliminating poverty according to their own quasi-official definitions, it is also interesting to see how far countries differ with respect to the proportion of their population that are below some uniform definition of poverty (such as half of national income per head, for a single man, in each country).

The Poverty Line

The OECD has consequently made two sets of comparisons; first, of the proportion of the population below the 'national' poverty lines, and secondly the proportion below some standardised poverty line that is an average of the national poverty lines. As can be seen in the table on this page, this makes a considerable difference in the case of the British figures. Since the British supplementary benefit level is higher than that of some of the other countries for which estimates were possible (e.g. the US and France), the percentage of our population below our own 'poverty line' is about the same order of magnitude as in these countries. But another OECD table shows that, for a single person for instance, our 'poverty line' is over twice as high as in France and even about 20 per cent higher than in the US (all relative to average incomes per head in each country). This explains why, in our table, the proportion of the population below the poverty line on the *standardised* common definition, as distinct from the national definitions of the poverty line, is only 7.5 per cent in Britain, compared with 13 per cent in the US and 16 per cent in France.

There can be little doubt about the main conclusions, that inter-country differences in expenditure on income maintenance programmes are not closely correlated with differences in the extent of poverty. The OECD study also shows that the rapid increases in these expenditures in all the member countries has not led to any significant reduction in poverty over time. The French Communist Party – and the French public in general – may be surprised to learn that, in spite of devoting one of the highest percentages of national income to income maintenance payments, France still has the highest proportion of population below the poverty line, and may well ask where the money goes. But the British and American publics should also be shocked to learn that, after a decade in which per capita expenditure on these programmes has risen nearly three times as fast as per capita national income in Britain (and over twice as fast in the United States), about

Percentages of population below 'poverty line' in various countries and expenditures on income maintenance programmes, in early 1970s

	Per cent population below poverty lines		Per cent of national product spent on income maintenance programmes
	Standardised definitions	National definitions	
Australia	8	8.2	4.0
Belgium	—	(14.4)	14.1
Canada	11	15.1	7.3
France	16	15.0-20.0	12.4
Germany	3	—	12.4
Ireland	—	(24.0)	6.4
Norway	5	—	9.8
Sweden	3½	—	9.3
UK	7½	13.2	7.7
US	13	11.9	8.0

Source: OECD *op. cit.* Table 27 and Table 1.

10 per cent of the population in each country is still below the poverty line. France is not the only country that may well ask where the money goes – although the answer is easier to find in France than for the other countries.

One way of trying to solve the paradox of poverty amid plenty of money spent on income maintenance programmes is to measure poverty in terms not of the number of people below the poverty line, but in terms of the 'poverty gap', which is the extra income that would have to be given to all these people in order to bring them up to the poverty line. For example, the British system of supplementary benefits means that large numbers of people may be below the poverty line if this is defined, say, as equal to the supplementary benefit level plus rent allowance plus 10 per cent, but that they would only fall below the poverty line by a very small amount, assuming that everybody collected supplementary benefit and rent allowance. Hence, the 'poverty gap' would be very small. With the aid of Malcolm Sawyer's data on income distribution the OECD has shown that, on the average of the countries for which estimates were possible, the 'poverty' gap is only about 1 per cent of GNP.

In other words, if everything else could be left unaffected and if only an extra 1 per cent of GNP could be transferred to the poor *and* we could be certain that they received all of it – none went to anybody else – *and* did not suffer, say, any consequent fall in wages or rise in prices of the goods they buy and so on, then poverty would be eliminated. This poverty gap of 1 per cent compares with about 8 per cent of GNP, spent on income maintenance expenditures. Does this mean that the poverty gap would have been 9 per cent of GNP in the absence of these expenditures, or does it mean that most of these expenditures do not effectively relieve poverty?

The French situation gives a clue to one part of the answer. For example, it appears that the distribution of pensions in France is hardly any more equal than the distribution of incomes in the French population as a whole – in other words, people who earned high incomes during their working lives also earn equally high pensions when they retire. If a large proportion of *all* income maintenance payments does not go to the poor then, of course, it is not surprising that the scale and rate of increase of these payments is disproportionate to their impact on poverty.

The OECD study suggests that, perhaps, in the average country, only about a third of income maintenance expenditure actually goes to the poor. Whether this is the case or not in individual countries is almost certainly not so much a matter of technical accident but of political power. It is not surprising that in countries that have long histories of socialist governments the structure of their income maintenance programme is more genuinely geared to the relief of poverty than other countries. Britain, the Netherlands and the Scandinavian countries have, consequently, longer traditions of reliance on equal flat-rate benefits – particularly for pensions – in their basic state schemes, whereas other countries, such as France, Germany and the United States have placed much more emphasis on earnings-related benefits, so that if you were poor when young you stay poor when old or sick or unemployed.

Signs of Change

However, there are signs of change. The OECD data do not generally go beyond 1972 and in France there have been major improvements in the minimum old-age pensions and other benefits since Giscard d'Estaing became President. Nevertheless, the prospects for improvement here and elsewhere are not all that favourable. The increasing use, in Britain and Scandinavia, of earnings-related pensions, which redistribute income over one's lifetime rather than between rich and poor, is one sign of the times. As one would expect, there seems to be some relationship between the political balance of power in the different countries and the degree to which their income maintenance programmes effectively redistribute incomes. And there will always be various ways in which the income redistribution objectives of certain sections of the community can be frustrated by those who effectively wield power.

For example, the manner in which the programmes are financed will feed-back on their redistributive effect. If they are financed largely by employers' contributions these will invariably be passed back in lower wages or higher prices than would otherwise be the case, hence reducing real incomes of the labour force one way or the other. Thus, if an average country spends 8 per cent of GNP on income maintenance programmes but only a third of this goes to the poor, and if about half of this is offset by their receiving lower nominal wages or paying higher prices than would otherwise be the case, the percentage of GNP that is *effectively* helping the poor is reduced from 8 to only about 1½. This is no longer in such contrast with a poverty gap of only about 1 per cent of GNP, so that the existence of poverty amid plenty of money spent on income maintenance programmes is no longer a paradox.

'Leakages' to the non-poor, feed-back

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effects on wages and prices, the 'poverty trap', and other purely economic obstacles to the redistribution of income are only a part of the story. For if attempts to redistribute income through the transfer process are of limited avail, the distribution of original incomes before taxes and benefits is even more important. In this context the manner in which society organises its educational system is also a major element in the process of income distribution. This is superbly documented in the volumes reporting the proceedings of an OECD conference on the subject, the contents of which are too rich to be adequately conveyed in a brief article. But all these studies confirm what had been widely believed already, namely that the control of the redistributive process – both the narrow financial transfer arrangements and the social institutions such as the educational system – are largely in the hands of those who wield power or who can exert some influence on those who wield power.

This holds out very gloomy prospects for eliminating the remaining – if substantial – pockets of poverty that exist today. For the character of poverty has changed by comparison with the pre-war situation. Earlier in the century the poor were mainly the very low paid or those with very large families. Today they are much more the old – plus the unmarried mothers, the drop-outs, alcoholics, chronically unemployable, and so on (what the French call *les marginaux*). Neither of these groups – the old or the drop-outs – exerts any political influence commensurate with its size.

We live now in an age where the poor are not even easily distinguishable from many other members of society. They are not integrated into their occupational or neighbourhood communities as were poor working men of earlier decades. And they cannot go on strike since they are not working in the first place.

The elimination of poverty, therefore, does not seem to be primarily a technical economic problem – although there are, of course, certain technical difficulties. But it is difficult to believe that a poverty gap of only about 1 per cent of GNP could not be eliminated if countries had the political will and determination to do so. If they have not done so, it is because for the first time in the history of democratic countries the poor have no political power. And it is not obvious that there is any force at work to ensure that they will acquire any. In that case the poor will always be with us.

John Hatch

English Cricket's Last Calypso?

How long before the West Indian cricketers return to delight British crowds? The next tour of England is scheduled for 1980 – ironically a summer originally planned to be shared by the West Indies and South Africa. That is also the year appointed for the Moscow Olympics. In 1978 Edmonton, Canada, is due to host the Commonwealth Games. How many of these events will take place? What degree of disruption can be expected in those which are held?

One thing is certain. The West Indies and South Africa will not share the 1980 cricketing summer here. But will the West Indies themselves appear? During last winter's West Indian cricket season the Shell Shield became a farce because Guyana refused to admit those members of the Barbados team who had played in South Africa. During the past few weeks both Guyana and Jamaica banned the Young England cricket side which included players who had participated in South African cricket.

If this kind of prohibition is maintained and extended to all countries retaining any sporting links with South Africa, as seems likely, it will be many years before the West Indian team reappears on our cricket grounds. For, as we saw in the Montreal Olympics, rugby matches with South Africa are counted as sporting contacts and automatically lead to a ban on other sports with the country involved. And who can imagine the Rugby Football Union dropping its games with the Springboks? I should know; you should have heard the language from Twickenham when I refused to referee South African matches in 1960!

Cricket lovers and all who appreciate athletic grace or sheer ebullience will be saddened if Lloyd, Richards, Greenidge, Holding, Roberts and Co. are not to be seen here for a decade or more when most of them will have retired. They have revelled in our hot summer, demonstrating that class batsmen and bowlers will be rewarded for their skills on any kind of wicket. The brilliant feat of fast bowling by Michael Holding on the Oval's funereal sand strip clinched the case that had already been made by Greenidge at Old Trafford, Richards every time he batted, Roberts during the first four Tests. So completely were England outplayed that from an XI selected from both sides only Underwood and Knott from the many English players tried would have any hope of inclusion. And still the island of Dominica continues to complain that her favourite son, Irving Shillingford, is the best bat in the West Indies and was ommitted from the tour; while the brilliant innings of Collis King at Headingley, which clinched the series, should not lead us to forget that the exciting Kallicharran was injured for most of the season.

Clive Lloyd has retained his reputation as captain after doubts cast on his leadership following the tour of Australia last winter and the succeeding series against India; and Clyde Walcott, scourge of our bowlers a decade or so ago, has amply justified his casting as manager. They will have to wait until the end of next year to sustain their claim to be champions of the world. Last year at this time they had just won the world cup and were eagerly anticipating their tour of Australia. But the Australians, mainly through the efforts of Lillee and Thomson, whipped them 5-1. The opportunity for revenge does not come until the Australian tour of the islands in 1977-8. Let us pray that Roberts, Holding, Daniel and Holder are still fit then to pit their skills against those of the two Australian fast bowlers – if the tour is allowed.

In the meantime, what of English cricket? It has had lean periods before, and recovered. This time, however, I believe that the malaise is deeper and will last longer. What are we doing with a South African as captain? I admire Tony Greig's good-humoured acquiescence under a barrage of barracking and he remains a fine cricketer despite his poor season. But why should a South African captain an English team? There is no reason to suppose that he supports apartheid, but the fact that he cannot play Test cricket for South Africa because of the ban on that country seems no reason to select him for England. The case of Basil d'Oliviera is different: he could not play for South Africa even if there were no ban, for he is Coloured. I wonder if he would have been acceptable to Lord's as England's captain?

Yet it was Greig who made the shrewdest analysis of English cricketing woes I have heard. Talking on the pavilion balcony at Sabina Park in Jamaica during the last MCC tour there, Greig pointed to the impact of the one-day game. But, instead of arguing, as most of us have, that the different techniques demanded by it were damaging abilities to cope with the longer county and Test matches, Greig perceptively pointed out that the crowd-pulling effects of the short slog had closed the eyes of administrators to the necessity for reform. When the Gillette Cup was instituted in the mid-Sixties the county game was almost bankrupt. Crowds drawn to the Gillette and later to the Players competitions paid sufficient to sustain the tottering county championship. Instead of it being reformed, perhaps to be played at weekends, perhaps on a city or regional basis, it was reprieved by one-day gate money. Subsequent efforts to instil more life into it by changing the rules have failed to attract crowds and further drained it as a contest of skill Add to this the decline in school cricket, the growing habit of schoolboys working at weekends and the replacement of British players by overseas ones, and the debility of our game may be seen to be chronic.

Yet there is more public interest in cricket than ever before, at least in such a summer and with the aid of television and radio. We have to query, however, whether the game can survive the impending political assault. For the next ten years will see confusion if not chaos throughout international sport. The Third World boycott robbed the Olympics of their traditional significance – and the spread of such disruptive bans shows no sign of slackening. English 'first-class' cricket may have been given a fillip by the cliff-hanging finish to the Player trophy last weekend only to be killed off at top level by the bitter politics of international sport.

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London Diary

☐ One of the more interesting places to be in London this week is somewhere where you and I are not allowed to go. In the stately Palladian former home of the United Services Club, just opposite the Athenaeum, the official inquiry opened on Monday into the Confait affair – the case in which three teenage boys from Catford were in 1972 convicted of the killing of Maxwell Confait, a well-known local transvestite and homosexual. The three boys had their convictions quashed by the Court of Appeal just 11 months ago and the present inquiry follows on the scathing remarks that Lord Justice Scarman then made about 'confession' statements and the general competence of the prosecution case. That the Home Secretary was finally prevailed upon to refer the case to the Court of Appeal was entirely due to a sustained campaign of publicity – on BBC-2, on Thames Television, in the *Sunday Times* and not least articles by Christopher Price in the NS. But, now that the police and the DPP are being required to answer for their decisions, is the public even allowed a watching brief? Not likely. The inquiry, conducted by the former High Court judge and new president of Wolfson College, Oxford, Sir Henry Fisher, is as firmly behind closed doors as were the initial proceedings in Lewisham Police Station during which the boys' 'confessions' were extracted. Worse than that – though the inquiry involves five QCs and five juniors, is likely to last two months and will cost something like £¼m. – the only concession made by the Home Office is that Sir Henry Fisher will eventually publish his 'findings'. Not his report, not the evidence, just the *findings*. So much for that old lawyer's adage about 'justice not only being done, but being seen to be done'.

☐ At last some sanity seems to have come into the debate over the disreputable Danish film producer and his proposal to make a film in Britain on the sex life of Christ. Full marks to Colin Morris, the president of the Methodist conference, for doing his doughty best to stem the rising tide of Christian hysteria. It is odd perhaps that it should have fallen to a Methodist – always the Christian denomination most closely associated with what Ronald Knox called 'enthusiasm' – to bring into the debate an element of 18th-century rationalism. A sense of balance might well have been expected to come more naturally from the C of E – but scant hope of that in these days of Coggan *consule*.

☐ Even my right-wing friends among Labour MPs don't seem now to be giving much for Eric Varley's chances of winning the party treasurership at Blackpool later this month. Nowhere is the principle of Buggins's turn more firmly established than in the Labour movement – and the great psychological strength of Norman Atkinson's position is that, having run for the office six times, he's regarded as having earned it. I've always suspected that it was that which finally tipped the scales when Nye Bevan won the same office just 20 years ago. He also had spent the previous years running for it unsuccessfully – though in his case only twice. It was quite enough, however, to detach the soft underbelly from the Right and give him victory over George Brown (though only, if I remember rightly, by some 300,000 votes). On that same principle Denis Healey's decision not to contest even the constituency section this year strikes me as all the more puzzling. Of course he lost last year, but the Labour Party loves a 'trier' and may even give Tony Crosland (who has stood every year since 1970) his reward on precisely that ground this September. Nor is Healey entitled to claim – as people used to do about boxing champions before Muhammad Ali – that 'they never come back'. On Labour's National Executive they do – witness Ian Mikardo, Tony Benn and even Jim Callaghan himself.

☐ It has long puzzled me why *The Times* has allowed Lord Chalfont, Britain's No 1 cold warrior, to take up so much of its space with his obsessive, repetitive, blood-curdling warnings about the imminent Russian military threat – the 'authoritative' source material, one may be sure, for Mrs Thatcher's Reds-under-the-beds campaign. Before he acquired his Trollopian title – from Harold Wilson, who else? – Chalfont was, of course, Lieut.-Col. Alun Gwynne Jones, the paper's military correspondent, but his successors in the job long ago put into perspective the armed communist hordes Chalfont sees lurking behind every piece of Kremlinology, ready to over-run the West. I was delighted, therefore, to see that on Tuesday William Rees-Mogg had given his correspondent in Moscow, Edmund Stevens, the usual Chalfont space to shoot down his Lordship's fantasies with an excellent on-the-spot analysis of the Soviets' (typical) failure to implement their much publicised plans to move essential industries away from cities, expand secret emergency stock-piles of food etc., or organise evacuation schemes, build bomb-proof shelters and so on, which, according to Chalfont, would enable Brezhnev and Co. to claim that Russian casualties from a US nuclear strike would be very much less than America's and, *ergo*, give the Soviet Strangeloves the go-ahead for World War III. As a complement to Stevens's salutary demonstration of the importance of reporting, as distinct from crystal-gazing, I would commend Edward Crankshaw's masterly assessment, in last Sunday's *Observer*, of the economic inadequacies that are making Russia more dependent than ever on détente with the West, however one-sided.

☐ With Dr Kissinger threatening to start another round of 'shuttle diplomacy' (I was amused to hear from an Israeli this week that they were more than relieved that his energies were now being expended elsewhere) it's timely perhaps to recall the results of another, and more secret, piece of his handiwork. This weekend marks the third anniversary of the overthrow of the democratically elected Allende government in Chile by General Pinochet. And General Pinochet, of course, was greatly aided and abetted by the aptly termed 'destabilisation programme' of the White House's 'Committee of 40'. Now, three years later, largely due to American help, Pinochet remains in power – but only at dreadful cost. Even in the economic field Chilean unemployment stands today at the terrifying level of 23 per cent. The figures describing the extent of the repression are, of course, even more spine-chilling – 40,000 deaths since the coup, still 6,000 political prisoners and nearly a further 2,000 'disappeared persons'. Many of these, judging by the last three years' experience, will have been lucky simply to have been shot. With one powerful suspect the Junta continues to step gingerly – the Church. The Archbishop of Santiago, Cardinal Raoul Silva, has consistently spoken out on humanitarian issues ever since the coup and relations between church and state have recently escalated into open mutual hostility with a spiral of expulsions and excommunications. But how far can such a previously stolid Christian Democrat as the Cardinal be pushed? It would be nice to think of him as a Becket but that, no doubt, would be grossly unfair to Henry II.

☐ Last Sunday I went for a walk in Notting Hill – on at least the perimeter of the happenings of the previous Monday. Two West Indian boys kept riding past me on bikes. Eventually one of them said: 'Hey mister, we've lost our kid brother. You seen him?' The other helpfully cut in: 'You'd recognise him 'cos he's about three and he's got a jersey on.' But the first one was having none of it – '*And*' he interrupted conclusively, 'he's black'. Whereupon they both fell off their bikes with laughter – and Notting Hill (or rather Dale) suddenly seemed not so bad a place to be after all.

Crucifer

This England

Prizes: £1.50 book token for first entry, £1 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ The Station Officer said the question of pornographic shows was dealt with from the East Ham station. There Chief Inspector Derek Rushbrook took details. He commented: 'It sounds just like Egypt.' – *News of the World* (Bruce Lloyd)

☐ Mr D. W. Dallow told the meeting that cows had been wandering into shops and children had been trodden on. 'It has not been very pleasant either, sometimes,' he added. – *Stroud News & Journal* (Pat Buckingham)

☐ Midnight patrols armed with 'listening sticks' will catch people using water in one of Britain's worst drought areas. Special metal rods with an earpiece, also known as 'harkers,' are being used by inspectors of the Anglian Water Authority. – *Evening Standard* (Margot Bennett)

☐ A director of a haulage company who wanted to keep his dog away from his roses and was seen by a policeman trying to steal an ornamental lamp post from a demolished house was remanded for sentence yesterday by magistrates at Oxted, Surrey. – *Guardian* (S. D. Bergin)

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Frank Norman

Lying Low with Tom Keating

One Thursday last month at about 10 o'clock in the morning the phone rang in our London flat. I answered it and a man asked for Geraldine Norman.

I said: 'She's out – who is it?'

He said: 'Tom Keating.'

'Good God,' I gasped. 'She'll be back in ten minutes – can you call back?'

'All right,' he said and hung up.

Geraldine returned shortly and we waited by the phone. True to his word Tom rang back and Geraldine invited him to have dinner with us that evening. Fleet Street were already hunting for him and with hindsight it now seems rather rash of us to have taken him to Odins in Devonshire Street.

'Nice place,' said Tom, glancing around at the pictures on the wall. 'But I'd just as soon eat in a cafe.' His eye alighted on a painting of a nude girl. 'I didn't do that one,' he chuckled. Then turning his attention to another said: 'Looks like a Sexton, but not one of mine.'

'Sexton?' I queried.

'Sexton Blake – fake,' he explained.

'Sexton Blake is cockney rhyming slang for cake,' I told him.

'I've adapted it,' he laughed.

A jolly party atmosphere prevailed, the wine flowed and Tom began to talk. Except for the occasional pause for breath, he hasn't stopped talking since.

We sneaked out of London in our unreliable old Morris 1100, at the weekend, and headed west down the M4 at an unsafe speed. In a little over an hour we turned off the motorway at 'exit 12' and drove through the winding country lanes to a borrowed house which was to be our hide-out for the next two weeks. 'Lovely Georgian billet,' said Tom, casting an expert eye over the façade.

He had agreed to give Geraldine the low-down on his activities as a Sexton Blaker and, as I was available, to allow me to tape his life story. Alive to the strong possibility that the Fleet Street boys would discover our whereabouts at any moment we got to work without delay.

I set the tape-recorder up on a table under a spectacular magnolia tree in the garden and, with a liberal use of cockney and naval slang, Tom talked and talked about his wretched poverty-stricken childhood, his days as an art student, his work as a picture restorer and his early Sextons.

The audio-typist now hard at work, making transcripts of our tapes, is probably wrinkling her brow over such colourful terminology as: 'I flogged this devil dodger [priest] a Krieghoff an' 'e conned me outa the lolly', and 'I cleaned an' ole room full of master paintings in a Scottish castle – black as Newgate's knocker they was and the butler was as dim as a Toc H lamp'.

One sun-drenched day followed another and so did our taped conversations – now and then drowned out by jets overhead and passing motor cycles. But by the end of the first unbearably edgy week we had 24 hours in the can.

All three of us are heavy smokers at the best of times, but the strain was so great that our nicotine intake increased sharply. I am usually a 40 Senior Service-a-day man; I discovered to my horror that I was chain smoking 80. Tom got us into the habit of eating a hearty breakfast – we usually make do with coffee and cigarettes – I did most of the cooking and Tom did the washing-up. He also demanded to be allowed to pay his share of the food bills – I know how fierce is cockney pride and did not refuse.

Two house painters arrived each morning to decorate the upstairs rooms. We were terrified that they would recognise Tom and perhaps mention it in the village; these fears also extended to the cleaning lady. and the gardener. We have heard since that they knew who Tom was the moment they saw him and there was a good deal of gossip about it in the local.

From time to time Geraldine or I popped up to town on the train to collect old art gallery catalogues and illustrated art books in the hope that Tom would be able to identify some of his handiwork in them. Having broken his glasses while on his motor cycle (not a moped and not red as has been widely reported) tour of the West country, he was unable to say for certain if any of the publications that Geraldine set before him contained any of his Sextons and doubted if he would've been able to tell from reproductions even with his glasses.

It was on the Friday of the first week that things began to get a little hairy. Magnus Linklater of the *Sunday Times*, a friend of the relative of Geraldine's in whose house we were staying, suggested to Stephen Fay, the correspondent who has been covering the Keating story for that paper, that he should phone and see if he could discover Geraldine's whereabouts. She still had Raymond Lister's photographs of the Palmer fakes and Mr Fay wanted to borrow them to illustrate his Sunday article.

'We're going out to dinner,' Geraldine blurted out when he phoned. 'Can I ring you back when I've talked to my husband?'

We decided that it would look highly suspicious if we showed too much reluctance for him to come down to collect the photographs, so Geraldine phoned him back and gave him the directions. He duly arrived and Tom hid in his darkened room coughing into his pillow and dying for a pee. Geraldine sat sweetly sewing her patchwork quilt and I poured drinks.

'The *Daily Mail* have a dozen reporters scouring the country for him,' said Mr Fay as he sipped his whisky.

'Have they really,' we chorused. 'I wonder where he can be?'

Geraldine unhurriedly wrote notes on the back of the photographs while I kept the whisky flowing and an hour or so later he left apparently satisfied. We wondered as we waved goodbye whether the assurance that we had wrung from him that he would not divulge our number to anyone else, as we were on holiday, would hold good.

Odd messages filtered through to us that the *Daily Express* had offered a bonus to the first photographer to get a picture of Tom Keating, and even that someone who had phoned the *Sunday Times* had inadvertently been put through to *The Times* and offered to sell our address.

'Why don't we work a flanker?' said Tom, when Geraldine rushed out into the garden to tell us. 'We could flog the address ourselves.'

We laughed hysterically and toyed with the idea of setting off in the car and selling the addresses of bed & breakfast hotels all over the West country.

Towards the end of our fortnight on the run we drove up to London to see a lawyer. Tom's sensational letter had appeared in *The Times* a day or two earlier and the hunt had now reached fever pitch. As I nosed the car through the heavy Fleet Street traffic (en route for Lincoln's Inn) the temptation to pause at El Vino for a quick one was almost too good to pass up. But as neither Tom nor I were wearing ties, and would therefore not have been allowed in, we decided against it. Later that evening

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Tom and I strolled past the *Daily Mirror* building and boarded a bus in Gray's Inn Road – outside a shop called 'Copycat' and opposite a firm called J. E. Sexton.

On Thursday evening we returned home and set the wheels in motion for the next day's press conference at Hutchinson, the publishers. The news went out on the wire services at 10 p.m. There was just one more night to get through. Though I never believed the day would come when I would bless the GPO for their incompetence, I do so now for the incorrect entry of our number in the telephone directory. There is another 'Norman F.' who lives near us to whom we, no doubt, owe an apology.

All I am waiting for now is to get back to 40 fags a day.

First Person

Arthur Marshall

Off My Chest

I seldom, as you know, complain but until recent years I do seem to have spent rather big chunks of my life with people who, with minimal justification, became rather frequently ratty (ever since that nice Mr Dubrovsky started translating me into Russian I've been anxious about my adjectives: whatever would 'ratty' come out as?). Nice enough people, too, but every now and then cross-patch. Sulky and impervious ('Oh I say, *do* cheer up!') to encouragements. Grumpy and keen to remain so. And so busy being huffy that I've never been allowed any time myself to be huffy too. So now I do really feel that it is my turn and I've got three things that I feel fairly ratty about.

I've mentioned before our total lack of leadership and the drought has revealed leadership at its nadir. Is there a government governing somewhere? One would hardly think so. Weeks, if not months, ago, all television and radio should have been halted at 9 p.m. (or, preferably, in the middle of *It's A Knockout*, possibly the most humanly degrading and profitless programme ever dreamt up) for a special announcement. Then the Prime Minister, and goodness me how difficult it is to remember which of those ambitious nonentities we finally got landed with, could, grim-faced, have popped up on the box and given it to us straight. Properly put over and explained, water consumption could, six weeks ago, have been cut by half. We could then have panned, as we say in the telly studios, to the Archbishop of Canterbury who, with a breathy selection of devout prayers, could have tried out his abilities as a rain-maker.

The Government seems unaware that, in the British people and their strange attitude to life, they are sitting on a mine of untapped goodwill and endeavour. Disasters, potential or real, only serve to keep us happy and on our toes. In 1940 the information that things were bad and were going to become appalling, was received with nothing but joyous enthusiasm. Horrors stimulate and cheer us and give us the will to press on.

And now on to the National Theatre, and not concerning its mechanised and computerised scenic wonders (gone totally wonky, I hear), or what is now called its visual impact (outstandingly hideous), but the names of the three auditoria. 'Olivier' for one is very right and proper, but why not 'Gielgud' and 'Evans' for the others, two blazing talents which also deserve recognition? Names which mean nothing to the public are merely idiotic and I am reminded of a day in 1944 when, to help celebrate the liberation of Paris, Grace Moore kindly consented to sing there. An aeroplane flew over the city scattering leaflets which fluttered down and said '*Grace Moore chantera ce soir du balcon de l'Opéra*'. The French, who for years had had the Germans on their backs and the occupation on their minds, had no idea who she was. They stared at the leaflets bewildered, muttering '*Qui est cette Grace Moore*?'. Well, *qui est ce Cottesloe*? *Qui ce Lyttelton*? They have plainly done splendid work on the project, and their names are household to a small circle, I don't doubt, but that is all. In 20 years' time they will be a mystery. And why surnames at all? Why not, say, 'The Open Theatre', 'The Proscenium Theatre', and 'The Small Theatre' so that

we know more or less what we are in for? But will anything be changed? Oh dear me no. Being what we are, the hopelessness and complete inadequacy of the names chosen ensures them a very long life. Incidentally, did the gentlemen concerned blushingly agree? Whose decision was it? What exactly went on?

And so to my last bit of grumpiness. It's quite simple. It's just that I'm fed up with books about Jack the Ripper. Down the years they've been coming in as though on a conveyor-belt. Two appeared in 1965 and one thought that must really be all, but no. Two more have emerged, jammed with the usual doubts and speculations. The possibilities as to the Ripper's identity are endless – a Broadmoor fetishist suitably called Cutbush, a Winchester Prefect of Chapel, a Jewish ritual slaughterman, and so on. Two suggestions, namely that it was either a woman or that it was Prince Eddy, Duke of Clarence, a future heir to the throne and engaged to Princess May of Teck, are so near to the truth that they have decided me to speak out at last. I have here at 'Myrtlebank' conclusive evidence of a startling kind that puts the matter for ever beyond all doubt.

It is a diary kept by my great-grandmother, Florence Marshall, the 'dramatic *monologuiste*' who spouted histrionically in Victorian drawing-rooms for a substantial fee (her 'Joan at the Stake' was said to be very fine) and whose stage name was Caresse de Bathe. The combination of the respected surname, her talent and her commanding presence wafted her into social circles well beyond my family's normal reach and we have since, as you see, sunk back ('Myrtlebank'! I ask you!). Billed up and down the country as 'the great diseuse', a word which mischievous schoolboys found it only too easy to change to 'disease', she spent much of her time in London, as her diary shows:

> To White Lodge to tea with the Tecks (the Duchess *enormous*) where Princess May joined us, just back from her voluntary duties in the surgical ward at Bart's and full of excitement. She goes quite often.

From then on, the rest is clear and one can see it all – the engagement to the weak and dissipated Prince, his confiding to her of his secret, murderous longings, the cry of 'No, no' from the distraught Princess, and then her brave decision to let her adored fiancé enjoy himself by proxy. Then the concealment of various useful surgical instruments from Bart's, a scalpel here, a hack-saw there (under those voluminous Victorian clothes you could have hidden a kitchen range and grilled a kidney without anybody being any the wiser). And so to the fatal nights, five in all, with the excuses ('I shall be late home, Mama, we're amputating'), the hurried cab drives to Whitechapel, the hasty dispatch of victim after victim, the return to White Lodge, the sponging and the dabbing and the rush to Marlborough House for breakfast with Eddy ('More kedgeree, dear?') while, firm as Lady Macbeth, she poured out every ghoulish detail. Yes, yes. It is quite obvious. *Jack the Ripper was Queen Mary.* And now please don't let us hear another word about the whole ridiculous and time-wasting business.

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Letters to the Editor

Johnson v the Unions

Sir, I'm sure all your readers enjoy controversy and are stimulated by the well-argued case of political adversaries, but Paul Johnson's piece (NS 3 September) was neither a rational piece nor located in a paper suitable to its contents. May I question one or two of his points, leaving it to others to take up some of the rest?

First, Johnson discusses at length the privilege of freedom – a right he now says disappears with the closed shop – without any apparent appreciation of what it has meant for years to working people to be 'free' to be fired without reason by their employer. No doubt without the activity of unions this precarious existence would still be a reality for millions (instead of the present thousands) but I wonder whether Paul Johnson would be as willing to leap to their defence. What Paul Johnson misunderstands throughout his article is that the union is the people who belong to it and is not a different and distinct organisation. It is thus the members of the unions' own policy, democratically decided, which lays down any regulations for the good of them all and which asks individual members to comply with such regulations. Does Paul Johnson not see the contrast between this and the authoritarian, unrepresentative and unaccountable power of a single employer to decide who may work in *his* closed shop? Similarly, Johnson goes on to discuss how accountable the union leadership is without contrasting it with how unaccountable the employers are. He criticises the election of, for example, David Basnett, for life, without acknowledging (a) the fact that he *is* elected rather than having inherited like many employers some 'right to govern' via their family's ownership of a number of factories; (b) the unions' own desire to become more democratic. Hence the AUEW officials, for instance, do have re-election to face (unlike, for example, the editor of a paper, who might be much more influential); and (c) it is not so uncommon for 'elected for life' officials to be removed if their behaviour falls out of line with the wishes of their members.

Johnson goes on to question the 'administrative expenses' of the major unions, again without pausing to acknowledge the value of the openness of their books (compared, for example, with companies' own returns: see the present rearguard action to resist the current Department of Trade attempts to get more information included in company reports); and without showing that the sums quoted are not excellent value (a point I'm sure that would be self-evident if he bothered to examine the books of those foreign unions he spends so much time praising). I hope that of the '3000 professional union officials . . . all clamouring for "Quango" jobs' some at least will put Johnson right on their objectives in life. I have now worked for six years with such trade union 'professionals' and find them the most hard-working, dedicated and selfless of colleagues. To say of those who go abroad that their colleagues there find them 'an object of ribald amusement' is a downright untruth. I have worked in Brussels with the ETUC and in Paris with the Trade Union Advisory Committee to the OECD and of all the many foreign trade unionists I've met, I've heard such views from none. Similarly, the claim that British trade unionists expected embassies to 'jump to attention when the general secretaries heave in sight, howling for free meals, accommodation and the usual flunkeyism' is a figment of Paul Johnson's imagination. As is, incidentally, his charge that 'as every household knows, the most widespread form of tax evasion occurs among PAYE workers'. It occurs instead, of course, among those who choose to 'live' or be paid abroad, are rich enough to set up trusts etc. and know the *big* way to reduce paying one's due contribution to the fund. I leave other readers to dispute some of the many other inaccuracies in the text but would ask that we can in future be stimulated and not infuriated by the pages (four of them!) of the NS.

DIANNE HAYTER

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Sir, I can envisage a time, in the not so distant future, when the excellent and coherent article written by Mr Paul Johnson would be banned from publication by the unions concerned – an obvious extension of the closed shop.

One would have thought it reasonable to expect that when vital industries were nationalised some safeguards would be imposed to prevent the disruption of those industries, and the abuse of power by the unions. Nationalisation has not ensured the continuity of essential services, for the well-being of the people of this country, but has provided a whiplash for the unions to impose their authority.

No one wants to knock the unions who, in the past, have done such splendid work for their members in a responsible manner. However, by extending their influence to manipulate the freely elected government of the day they have laid themselves open to a critical analysis and a mounting anxiety for the very fabric of democracy. All power corrupts. Union power no less. Mr Johnson does well to voice his concern. Long may he be allowed to do so.

ELIZABETH GRAHAM YOOLL

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Salisbury, Wilts.

Sir, Paul Johnson's article makes a number of accusations which, as a trade unionist, I cannot allow without challenge. For the sake of brevity, I have chosen only a few points.

Michels pointed out that all large organisations like political parties, religious organisations, as well as trade unions, suffer from the 'iron law of oligarchy', but inane remarks will not help to control or understand the more rampant tendencies in trade unions. What is needed is a genuine debate on democracy in trade unions, within the framework of industrial democracy. Paul Johnson's way of solving the excesses of oligarchy is postal ballots; unfortunately this clarion call, initiated by the Tories, provides no prescription to alleviate these problems, as it will only enhance oligarchy by distancing the membership further from the leadership and alienate workers even more from the process of decision making. Far more satisfactory would be to encourage trade union members to attend union meetings and get more involved. I know that is easier said than done, but it must be attempted. The necessary concomitant to this is that the structure and government of trade unions should be changed by having more factory and plant branches and trade groups rather than geographical branches. This can only be achieved by the trade unions themselves.

I must agree with Paul Johnson, although not for the same reasons, that general secretaries should stand for election periodically. It is inevitable that national union officials lose touch with the shop floor – that is why trade unions must have effective reporting back, internal communication and a democratic structure that provides for the rank and file to have control over union officials. Even so, most national officials are still in a better position to assess and know the feeling of the shop floor than Paul Johnson, whose pedigree can be questioned in his understanding of the shop floor.

Paul Johnson makes great play with a few isolated abuses in his condemnation of the closed shop. Individual disadvantages within the closed shop are far outweighed by the collective good. Closed shops help to provide for control by workers over work conditions, such as manning levels, overtime working, rotas, and, through collective bargaining, stop victimisation. The real parasites are those who refuse to join a trade union but are quite willing to accept wages and conditions negotiated by shop stewards and union officials. These parasites are unwilling to contribute anything apart from being the first to complain if there is a threat of or actual redundancy and if the trade unions are unsuccessful in averting redundancy, blame them for causing unemployment. Condemnation of the closed shop cannot be made on the isolated cases of abuse. If Paul Johnson makes abuse a criterion of assessment of institutions, systems or beliefs, I doubt very much if he would remain a Christian, with all the abuse and terror carried out in the name of Jesus Christ.

Perhaps, instead of having a referendum on the closed shop, there should be a referendum on whether Paul Johnson should write articles on trade unions. There would be an overwhelming 'no'.

JOHN BALL

43 Burlington Road
London N17

Sir, I rejoice to see Paul Johnson campaigning against the closed shop. As long ago as 1967 I put down a motion for the AGM of the NCCL, of which I am a foundation member, that the council should 'consider whether the closed shop is not an affront to civil liberty'. I was asked to be brief but it turned out that I had only two minutes so I had to be more forceful than diplomatic. Now, you know that many unions are subscribers to NCCL, and the effect was electrical. I was not quite lynched but a motion was carried that my motion 'be not put'. Since the motion was not put and rejected I wrote to the then general secretary, Tony Smythe, suggesting more fully that there was now no reason why the council should not consider it. I also wrote to your paper, *Socialist Commentary*, the *Guardian* and *New Society* but none would publish a letter or a statement. In the recent debate I asked David Steel to raise it as a matter of civil liberty, but his party had already declared its line. I salute you, therefore, for coming forward boldly into this strongly defended stronghold.

Is it not a paradox that at a time when the unions are so aware of the tragedy of unemployment they are so willing to deprive a man of his livelihood for not joining them? There are good reasons why a man might lose his livelihood, say for criminal activity, incompetence, failure to attend, but surely not for refusing to join a body that claims to protect him. Are the unions to become a protection racket?

The case seems to rest on the plea that it is unfair that a man should benefit from union bargaining if he does not support it. Is it not more important that he should have the right to express his disapproval of a union by withdrawing his support? If he feels that the management of union affairs at his own workplace has fallen into the wrong hands, or if he objects to his being called out on strike before he knows why, or to support some other group with which he does not agree, is it fair to deprive him of such a simple means of self-expression?

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Are these the kind of principles that are to be weighed by a conscience tribunal? Who is competent to sit on such a tribunal, with the added affront of having power to fine a man by a subscription to a charity, surely a matter that is very private and personal? Indeed if a union is doing its job well one would expect it to receive a fair measure of support. Is it so important that the support should be 100 per cent rather than perhaps 80 per cent, that the handful of objectors should be deprived of a livelihood? It is the willing support that gives the union its authority; what authority do they have when the support is coerced?

Sir, I have no vested interest in this affair. I am concerned only that there is another erosion of individual liberty, and I march behind the flag that Paul Johnson has raised.

DANIEL ROTH

4 Keswick Green
Leamington Spa
Warwicks.

Sir, I write in the hope that a grass-roots shop steward's opinion of Paul Johnson's article may merit publication. Johnson dealt at great length with the closed shop issue. My own union, the AUEW, was among the many attacked. If only to put Johnson's comments into some rational perspective, the following small quotation from the union's submission to the Donovan Commission should be recorded.

> The liberty of the individual is not an absolute or unqualified right. It is subject to limitations for social ends and the stability, regularity and orderly conduct of the nation's affairs depends on the recognition of this fact. No less, it is claimed, does the same argument apply to industry and the proper functioning of trade unions.

Coming down from that liberal plane to the parasite view, the dictionary definition of a 'parasite' is someone who lives off others. Many trade unionists would regard that definition as an apt description of a non-union worker.

In his article Johnson also makes great play of how everything has changed regarding workers' rights at common law, of how the scales are now loaded heavily in the worker's favour. Those of us living in the real world, involved in, for example, workers' claims against employers for injuries at work, where even the introduction of the Health and Safety at Work Act has made only a small impact, can assure him that in this particular field nothing has changed. The law still favours the real Establishment.

I would only conclude with this comment. Johnson in his article wrote over 300 words extolling the virtues of Adam Smith's philosophy. Edinburgh Corporation run sightseeing tours of the city. On the way down the Royal Mile to Holyrood Palace the bus coach passes the churchyard where Smith is buried. The bus doesn't stop and only a fleeting comment is made by the guide; perhaps this is the best way to look at the value of Johnson's opinions.

E. DOUGLAS

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Cumbernauld

Sir, So Paul Johnson has gone over the top again! His piece last week was, as usual, beautifully written and eminently readable. But, for all the helpful historical allusions, I found it hard to grasp why, if we are being deprived of our ancient freedoms and witnessing the establishment of a new golden age of jobbery, Paul Johnson could cite only three closed shop hardship cases, with which we could sympathise, and just one example of a superannuated union man given a couple of sinecures for us to deplore.

The fact is that the case against the TUC leaders, on all Paul Johnson's indictments, seemed decidedly nebulous. Indeed, what was much more interesting, though profoundly saddening, was the peevishness and snobbery with which he appears to regard the trade union movement. It seems that Paul Johnson's great intellectual gifts are not complemented by much generosity of spirit where the present TUC leadership is concerned.

Perhaps, following his latest splenetic outburst, the NS will invite Paul Johnson to write about some other equally important facets of trade unionism in the 1970s, such as the role of the trade union leaders in the fight against inflation or in promoting industrial peace, in the fight against racial or sexual inequality, or in the struggle to raise the living standards of the old and the socially disadvantaged. If he addressed his mind to any of these subjects I am sure he could produce a more generous and perhaps a more balanced and accurate view of the trade union movement.

EDWIN GLASSON
Prospective Labour Candidate
Beaconsfield Constituency

35 Emmets Park
Binfield, Berks.

Sir, I take it as my first premise that you do not really wish to cut off your magazine completely from the few working-class 'intellectuals' who have so little other recourse.

Could I suggest, therefore, that you leave Johnson to babble historically in his padded chapel? Should you feel at some future date, whether from impish, public-school prankstering or some kind of Turnstile Shintoism, that you wish to expose him in his Genêt mood simply because of his *style*, would you kindly do so *after* the Letters pages?

JACK BROWN
Chairman 9/17 Branch, TGWU

51 Lamb Lane
Monk Bretton
Barnsley, Yorks.

Vidal for Driberg

Sir, A. J. P. Taylor's obituary of my old friend Tom Driberg (NS 20 August) was both condescending and inaccurate. 'Tom was also homosexual,' he writes, 'flagrant and unashamed.' I was not aware that homosexuality was something to be ashamed of. Certainly Taylor would not write of Lloyd George that he was 'heterosexual, flagrant and unashamed'. I daresay Taylor meant 'compulsive' or 'promiscuous'; even so, shame hardly enters in.

'Tom was not at all a clever man or an intellectual. He did not understand either Marx or Keynes.' This is a startling *non sequitur.* First, Tom knew as much Marx and Keynes as was good for him; second, a close knowledge of out-dated economic theory is not a decisive factor in determining whether or not a man is an intellectual.

Tom's mind was literary – divergent not convergent. He was a master rhetorician and grammarian; he was a dogged theologian; he had a formidable gift for logic (without which no one can be an intellectual); his ear for the false note in poetry or reasoning was near-perfect. As for not being 'clever' . . . well, I have no idea what Taylor means by cleverness. Admittedly Tom never taught school.

'He was not interested in office.' This is nonsense. Surely Taylor knows politicians in general (and Tom in particular) better than that. When Tom learned that I was to have dinner with Hugh Gaitskell some months before what turned out to be not the first Gaitskell but the first Wilson government, he asked me if I would, delicately, put *the* question to Gaitskell. 'Dora deeply disapproves of me,' Tom said, 'but Hugh might just . . .' Without much delicacy, I put *the* question. 'Oh dear.' Gaitskell frowned. 'You don't think he'd disgrace us?' Before I could say anything, Gaitskell announced triumphantly: 'Ministry of Works: I'm sure the old thing would love mucking about there, selecting patterns for embassy curtains.' I proposed something different and I am happy to say that Gaitskell found my solution every bit as inspired as I did. 'Make Tom Archbishop of Canterbury,' I said. 'This would not only please him very much, but, best of all, in ten years there would be no Church of England.'

Although the bold announcement on the NEW STATESMAN cover ('A J. P. Taylor on Tom Driberg') *may* be true, I find it prurient.

GORE VIDAL

Beverly Hills Hotel
Los Angeles
California

Political Parties and Public Funds

Sir, You are entitled to comment on our recommendations and our report ('Financial Aid to Political Parties') but not, please, to put a totally groundless and somewhat sinister construction upon the date of publication. Unlike a Royal Commission the decision to publish did not rest with this committee itself, but with the Lord President, to whom we reported. We did, however, urge upon the Lord President our united desire that the report should be available in time for the party conferences, the first of which is the Liberals' next week. With the August holiday coming on, every effort was made to publish before then. The printing was done with remarkable speed and efficiency and Thursday 26 August was the earliest possible date. No guile in that, I assure you. Simply the committee's inability to finalise both reports a little earlier. Too many 'determined' members of the committee on both sides, that was the trouble!

HOUGHTON OF SOWERBY

110 Marsham Court
London SW1

Somewhere in Mozambique

Sir, I have recently returned from Rhodesia from a visit to my family, who live outside of Umtali and close to the Mozambique border.

For the record, and in the interests of honest reporting, I wish to correct the statement in your front-page comment (27 August) that Smith's forces had 'laid waste a refugee camp' in Mozambique. I happen to know that the truth of the operation was that Rhodesian forces laid waste a guerrilla training camp. If the two are the same, so be it.

I only wish to add that both my family and myself have been consistent opponents of the Smith regime since it came to power – a most frustrating occupation.

P. J. S. FFORDE

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Handbags and Virility

Sir, Who but Peter Hess (Letters, 27 August) says the 'peacock place' is 'rightful'? Or that it is being regained? Observation suggests that unwanted fashion promotion has flopped. Good! And since women are highly unlikely (good again!) to switch to the subfusc mode, to abandon their colours or their handbags, advocacy of these for men sustains the dreary, misconceived unisex craze which is also overdue for its end.

For men I know it is a complete non-issue whether other men would be more 'appealing' in shapelier clothes, yellow skirts (blouses?) or with handbags. And to want English men to be more like European men seems only slightly less perverse than to want us to be more like women.

OLIVER OWEN

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BOOKS & ARTS

Richard Ellmann

This Tangled Web We Weave

Ulysses: A Facsimile of the Manuscript 3 vols. edited by Clive Driver *Faber* with the *Rosenbach Foundation* £60.00

That intentions can measure or illuminate results may be a critical fallacy, but it is a congenial one, and more than ever today we approach great works of literature through their preliminary fits and starts. Those who feel nonplussed in the dining room may fancy themselves at home in the kitchen. And there is always the hope of being let in on the secret recipe. For some time now, a good deal of the interest in Joyce has been focused on his manuscripts. Two years ago his note-sheets for *Ulysses,* on deposit at the British Museum, were published. And now the facsimile of the Rosenbach manuscript takes its place, though under separate direction, as part of a massive effort to make all Joyce's working material available. In the foreseeable future we shall have not a single manuscript, but every surviving scrap – holograph or typescript or proofsheet.

The particular justification for publishing the Rosenbach manuscript is that it is a late text and by far the most complete working version that Joyce left. It is also a beautiful one, written with utter assurance, whether the draft is clear or corrected, in his delicate, wiry hand. A prey to sporadic destitution, Joyce rashly sold the manuscript for a small sum to his friend, the New York lawyer and collector John Quinn. When Quinn's collection was sold at auction in 1924, the manuscript was bought by A. S. W. Rosenbach, the bibliophile and book dealer, with a bid of $2,000. Joyce thought this sum so paltry that he offered to buy it back. Rosenbach kept it, of course, and it is now in the Rosenbach Museum in Philadelphia. Clive Driver, the director of the museum, has now ably edited the work, and Harry Levin contributes an interesting preface.

Joyce's estimate of the value of his manuscript is confirmed by this lavish publication in three volumes, which in this country sells for £60 and in the US for rather more. Mr Driver has had the good idea of adding to the facsimile text, in two large volumes, a third volume in which the first Paris edition is collated with the manuscript and with the publication in the *Little Review* of some of the book prior to the Paris publication. What has been inserted, and when, can be quickly discovered.

The study of intentions which this publication facilitates, has in Joyce's case a special tradition. Joyce began to allow his intentions to become known before *Ulysses* had been published, so that it became a text for study almost as soon as it became a novel. He coached Valery Larbaud for a pre-publication lecture on *Ulysses,* and he influenced a good deal of the more authoritative criticism in the Twenties, by promoting the surreptitious circulation of the book's celebrated scheme. The history of that scheme is itself elaborate. The first version of it which survives is that sent to Joyce's friend Carlo Linati as early as 1920; the version given to Larbaud, in 1921, was subsequently amended by Joyce; finally, Stuart Gilbert's book on *Ulysses,* in 1930, constituted still another version, being based not only on the written scheme but on Joyce's discreet oral supplements. Beyond all three versions there is evidence of a scheme beyond the schemes, and it is this which students of his manuscripts hope to find.

For several reasons, they are not likely to find it. One is that Joyce did not keep many of the original worksheets for his book. Only a postcard to his brother lets us know that the plan of the book during its first year of writing envisaged 22 episodes rather than the eventual 18, and only a passing mention in a letter testifies to a late idea of adding to the book a matutine, an *entr'acte,* and a nocturne. Another letter indicates that there were early sketches, now lost, of the last episodes, and presumably there must have been similar sketches of the earlier ones. We lack these crucial evidences of how he thought of the book. But then Joyce did not begin by committing himself to a total scheme. He abided by the advice he gave later to his young friend Arthur Power, that it was best not to plan everything from the start, so as to be free to alter the conception as one went along. In a sense the scheme beyond the schemes was the book itself.

The manuscript bears witness accordingly to changes in structure as well as in texture. Stage business, such as the Citizen 'clapping his thigh' as he spoke, helped no doubt to solidify the moment, but also reflected Joyce's conviction that talk was not cerebral only. By modifying 'old shrunken breasts' to 'old shrunken paps', Joyce increased the relevance to the old milkwoman being so described. That the whoremistress Bella Cohen should have a son at Oxford was a late insertion in the manuscript; it gave Bloom a pretext for demanding Bella's indulgence towards Stephen Dedalus as a student too. Joyce's fastidiousness appears in his reduction of Mulligan's rhyme, 'Redheaded women buck like goats,/And all creation simply gloats', to its first line alone, the second being not up to the mark. Other changes, such as the alteration of Molly Bloom's concert name from Madame Marie Meagher to Madame Marion Tweedy, await explanation, but may possibly have been attempts to forestall libel suits.

More important than these are enforcements of what might be called the book's symbology. For example, the systole-diastole of its inner being required that, in each triad of chapters, the first should emphasise movement in space, the second movement in time, and the third be a blend. If, therefore, we look for the position of the history lesson ('Nestor') or the musical adventure, music being the art of time ('Sirens'), or the parody of history texts '(Ithaca'), they turn out to be second chapters in their respective triads. But Joyce discovered the need to balance history by a spatial science, and in the first episode of the second triad of chapters he therefore has Bloom overhear, as he passes a boys' school, a geography lesson. This insertion made its necessity felt after the Rosenbach manuscript had been completed.

At whatever point in the composition Joyce determined to exaggerate Bloom's womanly manliness (as in 'Circe' and 'Cyclops'), he thereupon had to go back and add, in the earlier chapters, anticipations like Mrs Bandman Palmer's playing the role of Hamlet, and Bloom's fantasy of writing a sketch jointly with his wife and signing it 'By Mr and Mrs L. M. Bloom', the initials being for Leopold and Marion. The fact that Stephen, in contemplating religious wars, has emphasised the sadism of the Church, makes it necessary for Joyce to have Bloom, in a manuscript addition to a parallel chapter, emphasise its masochism: 'Confession. Everyone wants to. Then I will tell you all. Penance. Punish me, please. Great weapon in their hands.'

Similarly, Joyce seems to have understood only slowly that Bloom's attitude towards Zionism, and Stephen's towards Irish ultranationalism, could be counterpointed. He was then impelled to supplement Bloom's characterisation of the Jews, 'Wandered far away over all the earth', with the words, 'captivity to captivity'. This in turn led to Bloom's misremembering the Passover service: 'All that long business that brought us out of the land of Egypt and into the house of bondage.' The sense of blighted promise which had led Stephen to entitle his national parable 'A Pisgah Sight of Palestine' ('The Parable of the Plums' being a later addition) was thereby anticipated by Bloom.

The Rosenbach manuscript is more busily corrected in its later chapters. One crucial modification comes at the end of the *Circe* episode, when Bloom evokes the ghost of his son Rudy as Rudy might have looked had he lived. Originally Joyce couched this in solemn terms, as an illustration of the power of the untutored man to extrapolate, out of memory and love, an artistic image. That everyone has 'a bit of the artist' was Joyce's conviction. But the manuscript shows that he decided to make Bloom a more imperfect artist, closer to the ridiculous than the sublime; for this purpose the boy becomes a 'faery boy' and wears glass shoes and a bronze helmet with his Eton suit. Bloom is allowed an artistic imagination, but of an inferior kind, nourished on Woolworths rather than on Rembrandt. The result is to increase the

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pathos rather than to diminish it, for the purity of Bloom's motive shows through his incapacity to express it.

By the time Joyce came to the 'Oxen of the Sun' episode, he was moving almost innumerable counters at the same time. The manuscript shows how skilfully he interconnected them. In earlier chapters, for example, he had mocked spiritual art for its ethereality, and devoted several amusing pages to relating it to vegetarianism. Now, approaching the greater mysteries of conception and birth, he added to the manuscript: 'Vegetables, forsooth, and sterile cohabitation. Give her beefsteaks, red, raw, bleeding.' Nature, like art, warrants full bodiliness.

In such ways the book must have begun to write itself, more and more changes being evoked by what preceded or followed. That is why the whole work moves as one, and why attempts to isolate its chapters for separate study entail serious misreadings. Mr Driver has done a most careful and impressive job, and his preface provides a good deal of new information. If Joyce's ways remain mysterious, that is as it should be.

Alan Ryan

This Way to Utopia

Freedom and the Welfare State by BILL JORDAN *Routledge* £4.50
The New Barons: Union Power in the 1970s by STEPHEN MILLIGAN *Temple Smith* £5.50

One of the charges which Marx used to level at the classical economists was that their talk of 'natural' prices and wages was a way of passing off the transitory legal and commercial relationships of the capitalist economy as part of the natural order. In so doing, they tended to elevate the political and legal conditions of capitalism to the status of 'rights of man', and thus to confuse local freedoms with Freedom. Bill Jordan's inquest into the problems of providing the services of the Welfare State without humiliating its beneficiaries, and Stephen Milligan's introductory guide to Who's What in the Unions, both struggle to avoid doing any such thing – both insisting that a 'free for all' invariably isn't.

Freedom and the Welfare State is a rather odd book. Viewed one way, it looks as if it is defending the view that a guaranteed state wage – paid automatically to everyone and clawed back through the tax system from those in gainful employment – is the one thing necessary to reconcile benevolence and liberty, and to provide a 'decent and secure' existence for the unfortunate. Viewed another way, it's a philosophical scrapbook for social workers, with a long, careful look at Mill's liberty versus Marcuse's liberation, at David Cooper's view of the family, at Hegel's enthusiasm for Rameau's Nephew. From another angle, it offers a useful reminder of the 19th-century origins of the Welfare State – especially in the way it contrasts the punitive outlook of Edwin Chadwick with the insistence on the rights of the poor which marked the work of Octavia Hill. It's easy enough to visualise all this cropping up in a seminar for social work students; less easy to see how it supports the view that all will be well if the state gives us all an income and then deprives most of us of most of it.

Bill Jordan is a modest, respectful critic; he wonders, politely, what the ordinary man is to make of Marcuse's hope that the dropouts' crusade will bring about forms of rational freedom hitherto dreamed of only in the philosophy of the Frankfurt School; and he notices that Germaine Greer's recipe for fecundity with freedom seems to involve hiring Tuscan peasants to do what we find repulsive or boring, without indulging in ill-mannered hooting and jeering about it. His own views are not very persuasively defended, though; to all objections about the impact of a state wage on incentives, on differentials and on resource allocation generally, he simply replies that we must educate ourselves to expect a different relationship between work and reward. But if education can do so much, can't it perform the lesser miracle of altering the attitudes of social workers and officials now?

Stephen Milligan's book is well timed. Anyone who needs a quick guide to who's what at the TUC annual conference, how he (overwhelmingly) got there, and how representative he is of his members (not at all), will find it here, at a price. But, as its title suggests, *The New Barons* has a thesis, too. It is the familiar one that the unions are too powerful, their leadership utterly unrepresentative, and their leaders' time given up to policies which are at odds with their members' wishes and interests. As to what's to be done about it, Mr Milligan is sober and sensible. He doesn't think that Heath-style legislation will work; but he does think we are committed to some sort of permanent incomes policy, and he wishes the government and TUC would move towards more centralised wage bargaining with synchronised implementation of national agreements in order to stop leap-frogging.

On the way to these sensible conclusions, some foolish things get said. Mr Milligan's view that the unions exert a great deal of power is one of them. He says, and rightly, that in a complex economy, the power of the unions to do a lot of damage is much increased; but he infers, unwisely, that they have a corresponding degree of positive control. The beginning of wisdom here is surely to see that power is both specific – so that the NUM has a lot of power over miners' wages, and none over doctors' salaries – and not readily convertible – so that the NUM's ability to bring the pits to a halt gives them little influence on, say, defence policy, government spending on education and so endlessly on. It is one of the more obvious paradoxes of economic interdependence that the ability to stop things happening is spread very widely, while the ability to move them in any particular direction may not exist at all.

In understanding all this, Mr Milligan is not helped by a vocabulary which he has cut down to two terms – 'militant' and 'moderate'. He sees perfectly well that the complexity of the world requires rather finer discriminations than this, but still affects surprise when a social democrat (or moderate) calls a strike (and thus reveals himself as a militant).

All this is as nothing when compared with what Mr Milligan unwisely dishes up as a historical introduction. He notes that workmen's organisations in the 18th century 'could not be Marxist from the outset', since, after all, Karl himself wasn't going to be born for another 100 years. Still, things hot up towards the end of the 18th century:

> Riots, arson and machine destruction were quite common, and politicians who had witnessed the storming of the Bastille felt they needed to take tough action. In 1784, Lord Melbourne, the Home Secretary, prosecuted six farmworkers from the village of Tolpuddle in Dorset, as an example.

There ought to be some sort of prize to be had for getting so much wrong in a mere two sentences – unless Mr Milligan is committed to the view that Melbourne became

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Home Secretary at the age of five, and that English politicians were sufficiently clairvoyant to be frightened by events five years before they happened, in which case it would be nice to know his sources . . .

We can leave Clive Jenkins to mount his own defence against the charge that 'his life style is hardly Marxist', but while Mr Milligan is learning *when* the Tolpuddle Martyrs were tried, and *which* union Robert Applegarth led, he might notice too that Mr Jenkins's 'regency' house is a Victorian semi, that Engels occupied a much larger house barely 100 yards away, and that Marx lived in some comfort just off Haverstock Hill – all on unearned income, too. Engels declared heaven to be a dozen Château Margaux 1848, and, for the matter of that, William Morris introduces a good deal of decent claret into his utopia. In short, it is a vulgar error to think that the Materialist Conception of History is a moral theory which enjoins us to await the millennium in a state of scruffy unhappiness.

James Cameron

East of Eden

The Memsahibs: The Women of Victorian India by PAT BARR *Secker & Warburg* £4.90

Now that we can no longer write about the India of today without embarrassment or offence we write more and more about all its yesterdays. Those of us who insist on continuing to love the place, despite its official rejection of our affection and its official mistrust of our motives, must return to Victorian India to prove our point.

The relationship in the 19th century between the British and the Indians was unique. No imperial power before had imposed its domination and its values on a society with a culture equivalent to and far older than its own. Certainly no interlopers before had so symbolised those values through what they would have called the 'distaff side' – not that most Memsahibs would have known a distaff if they saw one, any more than, for that matter, would I. But those formidable ladies of the Raj deserve a study of their own, and here they have got one, with tolerant charm and a gently waspish insight, from Pat Barr.

Mrs Barr is well aware that her title is pejorative. It was fashionable to blame the Memsahibs for every sort of snobbery, self-indulgence, frivolity and indolence. Kipling greatly helped this image by creating the awful Mrs Hawksbee, the scourge of Simla and the Mem of Mems. Indeed Mrs Hawksbees abounded throughout the Raj until its disappearance, and there are still a few around, clinging pitifully to the old *koi-hai* illusions of the master-race. But, Mrs Barr insists, they were often traduced:

> Thousands of British women lived in India during Victorian times. They went out as wives, mothers, sisters; later as teachers, doctors, missionaries But, because of social prejudices and conventions of the times, their roles were traditionally supportive and secondary. What they did and how they responded to their alien environment were seldom thought worthy of record . . .

Mrs Barr has straightened that out in a way that I, as an addict of Indian Victoriana, find delightful. Her characters include Viceroy's Ladies, soldiers' wives, 'wives of Civil Servants coping with the rudiments of civilisation in up-country stations, missionaries struggling to break down the subservience of women throughout the vast subcontinent'. She has built her story around a number of women who were observant and articulate, who wrote in a vivacious and intelligent way about what was for them, in those days, an absolutely novel and often alarming experience. Some are sensitive, some are smug; most are inevitably patronising; some are deeply moving. Perhaps a confrontation of cultures comes best to life through the puzzled eyes of the domesticated Memsahib.

Mrs Barr quite rightly makes use of those celebrated correspondents (how did people have the *time* to write all those letters?) Emily and Fanny Eden, sisters of the Governor-General Lord Auckland in the 1830s. They loathed the sterility of Government House in Calcutta, as who would not; they loathed the narrow parochialism of Anglo-Indian society. ('They read no books, they take not the slightest interest in home politics.') They disliked the climate, the pervading avarice and vanity of the nabobs of both colours; they were guilt-ridden about their preposterously luxurious Western-style quarters amid the most spectacular and horrible poverty, the regiments of servants, the Sahibs' insistence on shooting anything that moved. It was 'more like a constant theatrical representation going on, everything is so picturesque and utterly un-English'.

Somehow or other they fell in with a true eccentric, a sport among Memsahibs, one Fanny Parkes, wife of a customs-collector, who gaily and vigorously broke the rules by rushing off all over the place, learning the language, making friends on both sides. She hitched herself on to the train of the Lord Sahib, the Governor-General:

> There are about 11,000 people with the camp, and elephants and camels innumerable, which, added to the Body Guard, Artillery and Infantry, form an immense multitude. It is said his Lordship's marching about the country costs the Government 70,000 rupees a month; the encampment encroaching on fields of grain often costs from 300 to 400 rupees a day to make up the loss sustained by the peasants.

When she was snubbed by the ADCs she moved off to more congenial and local company.

'How much there is to delight the eye in this bright, this beautiful world! Roaming about with a good tent and a good arab, one might be happy forever in India.' The jolly vagrant Fanny Parkes, who was 'not enough of a lady' for the Edens, is the best Memsahib in the book.

There is some splendid observation in *The Memsahibs*, and Mrs Barr's selection of these contemporary accounts is subtly evocative. Pampered they may have been, and representative of an alien rule, but these delicately-nurtured Victorian women had to know what they were up to:

> Faced with appalling domestic arrangements, so much human frailty, the memsahib's only remedy is to equip herself with sufficient knowledge to assert her authority and bring Western-style order out of Eastern-style chaos. The Tamil word for horse-barley and the Urdu for colander; the price of a cane-chair in Bombay or a dozen eggs in the moffusil; the cost of hiring a bullock-cart in Ootacumund or a water-carrier in Bombay; the best way of making snipe pudding, mange ointment for dogs, the customary duties of an ayah (to include bringing morning tea, brushing memsahib's hair, laying out her walking-boots and parasol . . . how to clarify butter, remove ticks from guinea-fowl, dosing a cow with colic . . .

. . . and so on, for 25 lovely lines. This book may mean more for those who know India than for those who do not, but it nobly redresses the balance of Rudyard Kipling. It is true that in my time I have met more Mrs Hawksbees than Fanny Parkeses. But Pat Barr's story suggests that, long before the twilight of the Raj, at least some of these pale, naïve, inexperienced, wide-eyed and closed-minded Memsahibs occasionally tried to help.

David Caute

Please, Sir

My Father, Bertrand Russell by KATHARINE TAIT *Gollancz* £5.95

> In every month of every summer, on every beach in my childhood, he stands in the centre of the picture in the sunshine, the very image of love. . . . He is holding a pipe in his hand and telling a witty story, which he finishes with a deafening burst of hearty laughter, looking quizzically at his listeners to see if they share his amusement.

Thus Katharine Tait, daughter of Bertrand Russell, recalls her father 50 years later.

But this idyll, associated with the six months of the year when Russell and his second wife, Dora, moved from London to Carn Voel in Cornwall, was shattered for the four-year-old Kate when her parents decided in 1927 to bestow on their children the educational theories they had nurtured in intellectual abstraction. Russell himself had longed for children but was not rewarded until John was born in 1921, when the father was almost 50. 'I felt,' he later wrote, 'an immense release of pent-up emotion, and during the next ten years my main purposes were parental.' Demanding an immaculate synthesis of emotion and reason, the brilliant philosopher who had sacrificed his own reputation and career by abandoning a first wife he no longer loved and by openly campaigning against the war, now placed his little son and daughter on the altar of 'unconquerable hope', of 'fearless freedom'.

Students of the Enlightenment will recog-

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nise the 200-year-long call of that clarion: 'If existing knowledge were used and tested methods applied, we could, in a generation, produce a population almost wholly free from disease, malevolence and stupidity.' Poor generation! Rejecting the prudery, religious instruction and 'many restraints on freedom' of conventional schools, the anti-academic bias of Deweyite progressive education, the fetishes of Montessori, as well as A. S. Neill's search for the head through the hands, the Russells brought some 20 little children to Beacon Hill School and offered them crude behavioural conditioning and merciless bullying by the stronger and more sadistic offspring of homes which couldn't wait to get rid of them. The education, Katharine Tait, recalls, was 'fantastic'; the total experience one of 'desolation'. And she lost her parents. For they, determined to avoid any semblance of favouritism, maintained an aloof distance during term-time, while John and Kate were cruelly persecuted as surrogates for their parents, the philosopher kings.

By the end of seven years the Russells had lost not only their children's confidence and a lot of money but also one another. Mrs Tait's painful and perceptive description of the breakdown of the marriage gives flesh to Russell's own elliptically honest account. Whereas he merely mentions that his *Marriage and Morals* (1929) did *not* claim that 'a marriage could with advantage be prolonged if the wife has a child . . . of whom the husband was not the father', she describes how Dora, though totally dedicated to Russell, pursued her own theories of womanly liberation by giving birth to two babies sired by another man. She recalls a summer at Hendaye when Patricia ('Peter') Spence, later the third Lady Russell, acted both as governess and Russell's mistress, while Dora brought along her new baby together with its father. If this was an attempt to transcend the cramping conventions of the nuclear family, it failed: Russell soon went off to live with Peter and to quarrel with Dora so violently that they could communicate only through lawyers. Fearing that their tough, fellow-travelling bohemian mother would carry the children off to Bolshevik Russia, the rebel philosopher who had been to prison and disinherited himself had them made wards in Chancery.

Faced with the lynching pressures of school holidays split fifty-fifty with a quibbling slide rule between mother and father, Kate, in her deep insecurity and guilt, not surprisingly gravitated towards the polite decorum of her father's new household and the dazzlingly assured beauty of his new wife. Her mother's battered old cars, eccentric clothes, lipstick-stained cigarettes and habit of remaining seated in cinemas during *God Save the King* made her squirm with embarrassment. And so it was always to be: the title of her autobiography, whatever its debt to sales promotion, is a genuine reflection of the long-term influence – ultimately a rich, inspiring and generous influence – of her father. And this despite the succession of divorces, quarrels and emotional breakdowns that dogged Russell and his children.

My Father Bertrand Russell is a book which should be read not only by admirers of Russell but by anyone who is fascinated by the impact of parental fame, talent, rigid idealism and ultimate indifference (or so it seems to me – Katharine Tait makes no such judgment) on children. Written with verve and precision, unsparing in its quest for total recall, always sensitive to the salient detail, it describes far more than one ungainly girl's journey to a paradoxical terminus: marriage as a career. Having graduated from Radcliffe in German, Kate wanted and found everything her mother had scorned: 'the man to earn money and fix things and grow a garden, the woman to cook and clean and mend and care for the children.' What Dora said about this she does not tell us; but her father, apparently, gave the project his benediction. Perhaps, in his later years, it was what he himself believed in for educated women; or, rather, found most congenial.

Corinna Adam

A Public Face

Mistaken Identity: The Wrong Face of the Law by PETER HAIN *Quartet* 90p

Given Peter Hain's remarkably close relationship with his family – they mostly live within walking distance of each other in Putney, and are notably self-contained and self-supportive – one might have thought that this book would be dedicated to one or all of them. Instead, the fly-leaf says briefly 'For Terry MacLaren'. Without Terry MacLaren, Peter Hain might well now be in jail.

Hain's career as a political protester, indeed a professional protester in the best sense, is well enough known. It was he who, as a boy in the Sixties, was one of the group of young people who saw the Liberal Party as an empty house ideally suited for radical squatters and moved in, to some of the rooms at least. Through the Stop the Seventies Tour campaign he became a publicly recognisable face, especially during and after the private prosecution brought against him by Francis Bennion. It was being recognisable at just the level he is, the 'surely I know that man' level, which proved first his undoing, but ultimately his salvation.

For those who don't know the story, briefly it is this. On 24 October last year someone stole £490 from Barclays Bank in Putney; a bank clerk and four small boys gave chase but lost him. Soon afterwards, the boys saw Peter Hain buying typewriter ribbons in W. H. Smith's, and three of them thought he was the thief. They took his car number and decided to tell the police: three of them, that is – all 12-year-olds from the same school. Terry MacLaren, who was 14 and from another school, disagreed. 'You're getting an innocent man into trouble. I don't want nothing to do with it,' he said, and pushed off. Meanwhile the process rolled. Hain was charged, but not put on an ID parade until the following Monday afternoon. (The robbery happened on a Friday.) By then, the fact that he had been charged had been leaked to the press, and the *Evening Standard* mistakenly published a picture of Hain in its mid-day edition on Monday. There was a copy of that paper in Barclays Bank before the cashiers and the clerk were asked to go on the parade.

It is at this point that our – and Peter Hain's – hero comes into his own. After Hain had been picked out by one (hesitant) witness on the ID parade, there was a story about him and a photograph of him on the ITN news. Terry MacLaren saw it, and 'jumped up and told my Dad', who phoned the Hain family. Between then and the Old Bailey trial, Terry and his family were several times visited by the police, 'checking' Terry's story against the other boys', but he stuck by his version. In the witness box, curiously, he made a better impression than the other boys simply because he was not so consistently sure of himself; he admitted to not remembering many details, which somehow made his certainty that Hain was not the man more convincing. Without him, Peter Hain said in a moment of despair during the trial 'I might as well have pleaded guilty and been done with it.' As it was, some lingering doubt remained in someone's mind – the final not guilty verdict was only by a majority.

The book, however, is not by any means as self-centred as I have made it sound. Mr Hain cites other cases of mistaken identity 'where the people involved had none of his advantages, and an even more nightmarish time: he gives a handy guide on what to do 'if it happens to you . . .' and a summary of the weaknesses in identification procedure as it now stands. It is a cool, useful handbook; but the image that remains is of Peter Hain, anxious but self-possessed in the dock, and Terry, nervous but determinedly telling the truth, in the witness-box across the courtroom, single-handedly destroying a case which should never have been brought.

David Hughes

Guts

Falstaff by ROBERT NYE *Hamish Hamilton* £3.95

A year or two ago Robert Nye, with the intelligent relish that spurs all his writing, homed on a phrase of Cardinal Newman: the grammar of assent. From it Nye drew the point that since much modern fiction is of dissent, if not negation, and since many of us are fatigued, if not sickened, by the declining declensions of that particular grammar, what we really need in our narratives (which graduate with luck into our myths) is good straight nouns like guts, life, heart, humour, richness, delight, fun, fury, joy.

Well, Nye himself has now given us in

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Falstaff a grammar of assent which, exuberantly written, sweetly readable, proves so easy to learn that you either fall for it with a crazy lift of the spirits or you hate its guts, life, heart, humour, etc. For, on consulting friends who have read it, I find a sharper than usual division. The sheep feel like wolves at a banquet; the goats tend to bleat more meanly than ever. Yet, one wonders naïvely, how can anyone mistrust such generosity – of spirit, vision, language – as Nye is offering?

The novel's premise is that for 100 days the timeless Sir John dictated his memoirs, from birth to almost death, to a variety of pale scribes, with intent to exacerbate as much as move them (and us) with the lust, dishonesty and violence of his past adventures. For decades – it seems for centuries, so universal is the mood and broad the canvas – he thieved, he bragged and boozed, he foined, he fought. Every incident (*pace* not quite Shakespeare) is recorded in a manner (*cf.* not quite Rabelais) which repeatedly – the goats will say repetitively – so renews faith in the potency of language that words in their mad resonances actually seem to become life, fact, not a fictional substitute for it. The book is a documentary of genius covering half a millennium of the English spirit.

The tone is rapturously vernacular, all wild talk. There's no plot and none needed; it's episodic – you can read it over months, any page you fancy. We are bidden only to enjoy an orgy of sensuality, tainted and taunted by philosophy, which in turn is mocked by a very modern self-awareness, which gives in to further bouts of lechery, which leads to cheap fisticuffs and cowardice in battle, which succumbs to guilt, which puritanical guilt somehow puts hundreds of years of our history into a wobbly perspective, which perspective ends up in yet more draughts of sack, more unbelievably raunchy bed, more truth, more – yes – England. The ever more inventive intricacies of Nye's prose movingly catch the essence, detail and gut of England, as we think of her with longing: a last stand against the pressures of today, a species of literary Dunkirk.

Richard West

The Godchildren

Mafioso by GAIA SERVADIO *Secker & Warburg* £4.90

A Sicilian bandit, Pasquale Sciortino, told the Anti-Mafia Parliamentary Commission:

> The Mafia, let us say, can be compared to God, something which exists, it exists, we know it by faith, but where is God? Everywhere: God is in the air, he is in front of us, God is in all things . . .

Although Gaia Servadio treats the Mafia as something less mystical, she has made an effort of the imagination to understand these criminals through their peculiar culture and history. The effort succeeds, which is no mean achievement: it is just as difficult for a mainland Italian to understand the Sicilians as it is for an Englishman to understand the Irish.

The same bandit Sciortino revealed under cross-examination that *mafioso* also means showing off, or playing to the gallery, a sense in which Gaia Servadio has also heard it used in the poor parts of Palermo. A little girl who has dressed up and is well aware of her prettiness might be called *mafiusella* – 'pert but attractively so'. One can be entertained *mafiosamente*, with a display of wealth, and given to eat *un pasto mafioso*.

The word Mafia may derive from the Arab *Mahias* (daring) or from the name of the Arab tribe *Ma afir* which ruled Palermo before the Normans – themselves a powerful influence on Sicily's sombre folk-lore. Every district of Palermo still has a puppet theatre, Gaia Servado writes, 'in which each night the story of the French crusaders is told in instalments'. Those paladins who slaughtered the infidels are held up to the audience as heroes of violence and the will to revenge. The modern bandit Salvatore Giuliano was the embodiment, so she says, of the Paladin Orlando, whose character 'seems less his own than a stereotype of one kind of ultra-individualistic, semi-paranoiac Sicilian mentality'.

Although her book rambles and is insufficiently edited, Gaia Servadio gives many insights into the history of Sicily since union with independent Italy. She debunks the myth that Mussolini destroyed the Mafia, and the subsequent myth that the Mafia were brought back to power in 1943 only thanks to the US army. She argues (not entirely convincingly) that Sicily was aboil with anti-fascist feeling before the Allies landed, and she insists that it was right to employ Mafia help if that would shorten the war against the Axis. I was surprised to learn that after the second world war many Sicilians wanted to split away from Italy and to become an overseas territory of the United States or even of Britain. Ruling both Ulster and Sicily – we should have been so lucky!

Separatist feeling in Sicily died down when the new generation of Mafiosi found they could join with the Christian Democrats to gain power in Italy, by a kind of reserve takeover bid. The exiling of Mafiosi to house arrest on the mainland, so Gaia Servadio claims, enabled them to extend their illicit activities to places like Lombardy, where they had not before ventured. By this time the Mafia had moved on from little local protection rackets to national and international businesses like the drug trade. Mafia property developers knocked down Palermo to build a hideous wilderness of cement, while Mafia oil men did the same for Syracuse and the neighbouring coast. Their politicians infiltrated the Socialists as well as the Christian Democrats to grow rich from the graft of Rome and the semi-state industrial cartels.

In Gaia Servadio's opinion, the power of the Mafia would disappear with the capitalistic system on which it feeds. The Italian Communist Party has shown great courage in tearing away the veil of *omerta* (silence) by which the Mafia seeks to maintain its immunity from justice. The social worker Danilo Dolci, a friend of the authoress, could not have achieved what he has in North-West Sicily without the support of thousands of simple communists, who have more than he does to fear from the Mafia gunmen. The communist newspaper in Palermo has withstood first libel writs and then the killing of one of its staff in order to publish the dangerous truth.

Would that we had such newspapers in Britain to expose the system of crime and corruption recently seen, for example, in the North East, where politics were based like the Mafia partly on localised cliques and partly on bigger rackets in high places. But here, nasty collections of property speculators, oil profiteers, thieving councillors, gangster union officials, secondary bankers and international tax evaders, have their own *omerta*, which they maintain with ease thanks to the British libel laws, and to a press made still more craven by Michael Foot's closed shop law.

Nicolas Barker

ABC of Reading

The Coming of the Book: The Impact of Printing, 1450-1800 by LUCIEN FEBVRE and HENRI-JEAN MARTIN translated by David Gerard *New Left Books* £12.00

When it comes to bibliography, in which (as in other disciplines) the Channel is far wider than the Atlantic, the French are apt, rather uncharacteristically, to give way to the English-speaking world. They speak wistfully of the *méthode anglo-saxonne*, the system of scientific analysis of printed (or manuscript) texts established by Sir Walter Greg and Fredson Bowers, compared with which their concept *édition originale* is imprecise, if evocative. This unexpected modesty has, perhaps, been the reason why one of the greatest bibliographic works to be published since the war, *L'apparition du livre* by Lucien Febvre and Henri-Jean Martin, is still little known in Britain and America, and has only now, almost 20 years after its appearance, been translated into English.

It is customary to bracket Febvre with Marc Bloch as the co-founders of *Annales*. But Febvre's genius was for synthesis, and this book, whose purpose is to analyse the history of printing seen from different points of view, achieves its main effect as the study of a revolution in society. Historians of print are apt to forget the wider horizons. Febvre never forgot them, and this is his major contribution to this book and to the historiography of printing. But it is to Martin that the credit is due for realising his idea. Febvre did not live to see publication, and revised only a little over three of the eight chapters. The matter of the book is mainly Martin's creation, and his encyclopaedic reading, Bloch-like gift for grasping the microcosmic importance of small details, and command of the field delimited by Febvre, make the book what it

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is, the best general history of the revolutionary impact of printing we now have.

The story begins with paper, whose pre-invention (or rather arrival in Western Europe in the 13th century) was essential to the success of printing. Then comes the discovery itself. Gutenberg was a gigantic inventor, but he was not alone. Others, like the mysterious Prague goldsmith Procopius Waldvogel at Avignon, were tinkering with the metallurgical problems involved in print; the press itself already existed for other purposes, as did prints (several with words on) from wood-blocks. Gutenberg's unique contribution seems to have been the adjustable type-mould, which made it possible to cast types of different width (the punch and matrix system of creating letters was already known to goldsmiths).

Next comes a succinct description of the development of the printed book, the changes in the visual appearance that can be seen in the books themselves; and an account of the new cost-structure of books that grew up with their sudden multiplication. Then comes a particularly vivid and original picture of *le petit monde du livre,* of apprentices and journeymen, printers, booksellers, and authors. Next comes an account of the spread of printing, first throughout Europe and then beyond; and lastly, there is the new book-trade itself, the size of edition that it demanded, the difficulties of transport, the growth of book-fairs and a new international commerce, and the various attempts at control, either by the trade itself (to protect 'copyright') or by outside forces, governmental or religious. The last chapter, 'The Book as a Force for Change', returns to Febvre's thesis, and explores the interactive influences of printing, with humanism, religious reform, and the stabilisation of language.

It is not a perfect book. Apart from *le petit monde du livre,* its real cut-off date is 1600 not 1800. France dominated printing in the 16th century, and the basic documentation of printing after 1600 is in German and English; although Martin casts his net very wide, his work is based on mainly French sources and the vision is essentially French. It is also 20 years out of date. But these faults are trifling compared with the magnitude of its achievement. It is strong on detail and in generalisation. It is packed with information, but written with such vigour and insight that it is never dull. To chart the history of the revolution brought about by printing was a gigantic task. To have succeeded so well is a major historical achievement.

Among this week's contributors:

RICHARD ELLMANN is Goldsmiths' Professor of English Literature at the University of Oxford. Among his publications are *James Joyce: a Biography* (1959) and Ulysses *on the Liffey* (1972). He has also edited Volumes II and III of the *Letters of James Joyce.*

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH's study of Joan of Arc will be published later this month.

DAVID HUGHES's most recent novel, *Memories of Dying,* appeared earlier this year.

NICOLAS BARKER's biography of Stanley Morison was published in 1972.

Edward Lucie-Smith

Signing Up

Pirates by DAVID MITCHELL *Thames & Hudson* £4.95

Anyone who has tried to explore the subject knows that there are far too many modern books about piracy, and that most of them are bad. David Mitchell's book, smartly produced, fairly priced and crisply written, is a cut above the usual offerings in this field, and certainly worth a place on the shelf alongside the scholarly *Brethren of the Coast* by P. K. Kemp and Christopher Lloyd, and Patrick Pringle's *Jolly Roger.* Reassuringly, Mitchell lists both of these in his bibliography.

His own book differs from theirs in at least two important respects. First, and this is not surprising in view of the publisher, *Pirates* is to some extent a vehicle for illustrations. In fact, with its 86 plates, 15 in colour, it reaches the very borderline of the 'picture book', and therefore may seem less serious at first glance than it really is. Second, the author has given himself a more extensive brief than the two predecessors I have named. He does not confine himself to the late 16th, 17th and 18th centuries, nor to the East and West Indies, the Red Sea and the western shores of Central and South America. He devotes a section to the Malta and Barbary corsairs, and a number of paragraphs to Ancient Greeks, Dark Age Vikings, and various picturesque medieval miscreants such as Eustace the Monk and Sertebeker. Nevertheless his title remains stubbornly more comprehensive than his book, and it is easy to think of things he has missed out. There is only one, very perfunctory, reference to Jean Lafitte, most spectacular and original of early 19th-century sea-robbers, and this perpetrates an error about his place of birth. Lafitte was born, not at St Malo, as Mitchell asserts, nor even at Bordeaux, as he himself claimed, but at Port-au-Prince, Haiti, of mixed French and Spanish-Jewish parentage.

I mention Lafitte because he has a bearing on one of the most interesting sections of *Pirates*, which is its last chapter. In this the author discusses the notion of the pirate band as one of the models of the alternative society. For writers of romantic fiction (and makers of romantic films), the pirate has often seemed the man truly at liberty, free of constraints and duties, more fully himself than the individual who has remained within the boundaries of society. Such a notion is, of course, based on a misunderstanding of what piracy was about. The irony was that pirates organised themselves very much on the model of what they preyed upon. The 'Articles of Association' which it was normal for each new recruit to a pirate company to sign were a form of commercial contract. They derived from the very similar articles signed by privateers, who made naval war on behalf of a particular country but for private profit. Admiral Vernon, in the mid-18th century, indignantly described the privateer vessels of the American colonies as 'a Nursery of Pyrates', and this was true. But the thing about the standard contract was that it imposed a fairly rigorous form of democracy, unknown elsewhere at the same epoch. The ship's quartermaster was almost as important a figure as the captain, and it was he who presented the men's demands whenever it seemed appropriate. In addition to this, every crew-member, as a stockholder in the joint enterprise, was free to raise his own voice.

Even in the 18th century people sensed the political implications. 'Captain Charles Johnson' (probably a pseudonym for Defoe) devotes a long chapter of the classic *A General History of the Pyrates* to the probably mythical pirate republic of Libertalia, founded by a French captain and a runaway Italian monk in Madagascar, which he tells us enjoyed a few months' utopian existence before it was overwhelmed by the natives. Lafitte seems to have tried to run an equally utopian set-up at Galveston; and his most recent biographer tells us that, after the community at Galveston was dissolved, Lafitte survived a period of obscurity and reappeared at last to finance the publication of the 1848 Communist Manifesto. One of the things which makes piracy endlessly interesting is the way in which it contrives to hold a mirror to larger and perhaps duller social developments. There is no more elegant demonstration that free-enterprise capitalism must eventually become socialism than the history of this crime.

David Leitch

The Mild Side

In the Purely Pagan Sense by JOHN LEHMANN *Blond & Briggs* £3.95

Not so long ago these first-person confessions of a 1930s literary queer, one 'Jack Marlowe', might have achieved underground notoriety, and even the accolade of being banned. Had Mr Lehmann published even in the Fifties, when the Dover customs combed incoming luggage for green-jacketed Olympia Press editions as assiduously as they now seek heroin or hand-grenades, these memoirs might have been a minor literary event. But no more. The sexual tide has turned, what was once 'daring' now seems only arch, and these chronicles of Fritz and Franzl in their *lederhosen*, the Berlin boys later to be replaced by Fitzrovia guardsmen and blitz-marooned matelots, read like a walk on the mild side.

And yet though some episodes are now unintentionally comic – the description of a 'gentleman friend' attending as godfather at a christening, for instance, the 'infant offspring' of his lover only reminding him 'of the alienation of the beloved cock' – the book's appeal derives from just this sense of anachronism. Marlowe is the very epitome of Edwardian queerness, right down to the obligatory prep school brush with the poetry-writing, classics-teaching

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young master: 'One day, Jackie, I think you'll understand what . . . the Greeks meant about the young ephebes they wrote their poems to.'

And Jackie soon does – at Eton, Cambridge, and later in Mr Norris's Berlin. Isherwood, lightly disguised as 'William', is already the pathfinder:

> He knew all the boy waiters . . . he said to me in an undertone: 'You can have any of them. They're all pretty well on the rocks, but they won't expect more than so many marks and they're completely honest. Besides, whether they're queer or not, they're mad about blond Englishmen.'

Isherwood has in fact described the erotic awakening of such blond Englishmen in permissive Berlin with much more conviction than Mr Lehmann can muster. And J. R. Ackerley's books explore the love of the *littérateur* for illiterate conscripts with an awareness and irony that is absent from these one-dimensional accounts of one-night stands. Despite the swoony tone, the transports of passion, the spurious excitement, it is hard not to be struck by the hero's unspoken assumption that all his lovers are *au fond* prostitutes.

The sex is founded on class inequity – not one who kisses and one who turns the cheek, but one who does the shopping and the other (the tireless Marlowe) who pays the bills. Mr Lehmann should have got in at a time when he had only the philistine straights to contend with. I fear the liberated 'gays', far from acknowledging this homo hero of dad's generation, will only turn and rend him asunder.

Julian Barnes

Role Me Over

A Fringe of Leaves by PATRICK WHITE *Cape* £4.50
Still Waters by STANLEY MIDDLETON *Hutchinson* £4.25
A Cast of Thousands by PHILIP OAKES *Gollancz* £4.40
The Surrey Cat by ANDREW SINCLAIR *Michael Joseph* £3.95

The aims of Patrick White's new novel, in outline a grand, fierce survival story set in the 1830s and thick with nautical, colonial and aboriginal detail, are characteristically slow to reveal themselves. It begins with Ellen Roxburgh, a lively, practical Englishwoman visiting Van Diemen's Land with Austin, her older, bookish husband. He, ailing, egotistical, and sexually faint, has stooped to marry this farmer's daughter and train her up to gentility; she, caring but vigorous, is tempted to stray, simply because she is inquisitive about life. It looks, for the first third, like being an intense, wry, sporadically humorous examination of Victorian marriage: *Middlemarch*, with a touch of *Pygmalion*.

A shipwreck, with Austin and the crew speared to death by aborigines, announces the introduction of wider, bleaker themes, the comparison of civilizations, and an analysis of human durability. Ellen's reversal of fortune is given symbolic shape. Hitherto, a consciously created product of a sophisticated civilisation, she wears a strange, fringed green-black shawl which shifts in colour like leaves in the wind: this, the nearest she comes to nature. Now, 'reduced' by her black captors to a slave, a cannibal, to natural woman, the symbol is inverted: a real fringe of leaves (with her wedding ring hidden inside) around her loins is the only proof and reminder of her previous dignity. Yet after the first shocks and humiliations, Ellen learns her new role, unravels the social structure, and finds a qualified contentment. Wherein, asks the implied argument, lies the superiority of the white settlers' way of life, apart from in technology? A society founded on convict labour and run by dissolute younger sons, where the wretched have to worship from outside the churches, can claim little moral superiority: a point endorsed by the gradual atrophy of Ellen's faith. During her unexpected rescue by an escaped convict, one Jack Chance (*sic*), she discovers natural tenderness, sexual strength, and the fact that the civilisation to which he restores her would give him one stroke of the whip for each day's absence. Ellen's trials and observations thrust her into a delirium at the thought that 'the good and the bad are in the same boat'; we in turn are directed to reflect sombrely on our devious notion of civilisation, on man's odd capacity to endure, and on the circumstantiality of the evidence pointing to an ordered universe.

Stanley Middleton's characters, in their quieter, more cushioned way, are also alive to the casual miseries which impede pursuit of what one of them calls 'dull, sublunary happiness'. Mr Middleton is a cautious and courteous writer, a shopkeeper among novelists. He lays out his characters neatly, plumping them up for display so that they fall into perspective. He promises fair dealing, an honest attention to detail, and regular rotation of stock even after 15 previous novels. Where Maugham had an Arab totem stamped on his books, Mr Middleton's display a large red triangle. *Still Waters* craftily explores the dynamics of two middle-class, middle-income, middlebrow Midlands families who become entangled; the Lindsays (Victorian detached, private means, musical soirées) and the Bournes (terraced, unrelaxed). Neatly graded and observed, especially in matters of who tells what to whom, their world is one of fretting about old age, heart attacks, and the kids' A levels, and submitting good-heartedly to the toad work. John Lindsay, humane *père de famille*, ends the novel impotently shaking a fence-post while a funfair pounds out, racked by his inability to control even his own life. It's Larkinland really, though with less panache to the gloom.

Philip Oakes's vivacious, brightly phrased comedy of errors (four chance meetings in the first 100 pages) features one James Sale, the film critic of a Sunday paper who discovers that while movies offer a reliable world with its own internal logic, the shifty real world, however much you think you've got it taped, keeps putting a knife in your back. *A Cast of Thousands* opens at the Cannes film festival with a clever non-exposé: the critic, loafing amid the tit-n-bum, discovers he has NSU, which can only have come from the loving suburban wife he left behind minding the children. Confronted by wifely denials and counter-accusations, baffled (as we are too – Mr Oakes leaves us believing fearfully in some form of self-generating VD), he lurches into a half-intended affair. Mr Oakes is an acute and diverting observer of fear and neurosis, especially good on feeling guilty when you haven't done anything. It ends, as all good comedies do, almost as one expects, but not quite: Mr Oakes justly ensures that Life, in the shape of death, gets its due.

Andrew Sinclair's *jeu d'esprit* is about a black panther which escapes in Surrey, terrorises the locals and baffles the fuzz. Bad luck, then, that Ted Willis beat him to it a few months ago with a remarkably similar tale (even to the feline interior monologue) about a man-eating tiger which escapes in Somerset and ditto ditto. This version is rather more up-market (there's a Jungian psychiatrist who hazards that the beast is a communally invented myth, and some classy boffing with a gamekeeper on a mound of dead rabbits, as a swipe at Lawrence), but plainly the *Claws* genre doesn't give you much room for manoeuvre. What to do between the killings – the panther clearly can't strike more than every other chapter – is solved here by a parallel pursuit story: two sisters after the same Wimsical English gentleman. You can see from the start he's the one booked for the showdown with the Cat – and off he goes, armed only with a shotgun, dum-dum bullets, a panga, and a faithful retainer.

Elaine Feinstein

Dad

Your old hat hurts me, and those black
fat raisins you liked to press into
my palm from your soft heavy hand:
I see you staggering back up the path
with sacks of potatoes from some
local farm,
fresh eggs, flowers. Every day I grieve

for your great heart broken and you gone.
You loved to watch the trees. This year
you did not see their Spring.
The sky was freezing over the fen
as on that somewhere secretly appointed day
you beached: cold, white-faced, shivering.

What happened, old bull, my loyal
hoarse-voiced warrior? The hammer
blow that stopped you in your track
and brought you to a hospital monitor
could not destroy your courage
to the end you were
uncowed and unconcerned with
pleasing anyone.

I think of you now as once again safely
at my mother's side, the earth as
chosen as a bed, and feel most sorrow for
all that was gentle in
my childhood buried there
already forfeit, now forever lost.

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Films

John Coleman

Have Camera, Will Travel

The Travelling Players *Academy One*
Drum *Casino*
Ode to Billy Joe *ABC Shaftesbury Avenue*
Sympathy for the Devil *Essential Cinema, 76 Wardour Street*

Theodor Angelopoulos's previous two films, *Reconstruction* and *The Days of '36*, had their staunch adherents: my own response was lukewarm. But his *Travelling Players*, lauded in these columns on the occasion of last year's London Film Festival, is something else again and – one is tempted to add – again. It runs for 230 minutes and, although its visual time-span is the years between 1939 and 1952, it actually (via three crucial monologues) touches in and on the anguished history of Greece from 1922, when the Greeks evacuated Asia Minor, up to near the knuckle of the present day. Astonishingly, parts of this marathon were filmed during the last months of the colonels' regime. Even more astonishingly, while some foreknowledge of the tumult of events under review would be no disadvantage, it is possible to get an enormous, if varying, amount of satisfaction from leaning back and watching – as it were – blind. Important to make the point that this is a politically biased work (the communists, as e. e. cummings once wrote, 'have very fine eyes'), that one is invited to take a lot of history as Red, that Angelopoulos frequently compounds confusion by chronological shifts *within* a single shot. The result is unlikely to be caviare to either the general or those generals. It is wide open, one suspects, both to informed rebuttal of specific incidents and – far more deleterious a by-product – to aesthetic, 'interpretative' nonsense on the grand scale.

The central stratagem is simple and brilliant. A troupe of mummers tours Greece with a production of *Golfo the Shepherdess*, using a Sunday-painterish backcloth of three sheep, a stream, a hill; introducing an old man with an accordion who warns us before the curtains part that we shall witness happenings 'strange and terrible'. An invitation to don one's critical diving-suit is further extended as we pick up the names of the company: there is an adulterous mother with two daughters, Elektra (Eva Kotamandiou) and Chrissothemis, and a son, Orestes (Petros Zarkadis). At one stage in the to-and-fro of the story, *on* one stage, the fiery Elektra summons Orestes, now a partisan, to gun down mother and fascist lover during a performance: there is applause though we never see the audience, being it ourselves – as we often are, head-on to framed action, elsewhere. James Joyce, *Ulysses*: before the PhD's start rolling down the conveyor belt, one might adduce the director in interview:

> . . Why use this myth? First, because it comes from the origins of Greek civilisation. Second, because I have a score to settle with our Greek civilisation. By introducing it into an account of those years, I take away its status as a myth.

In fact, the Oresteia theme is beautifully swallowed by the film; its only importance is to underline an ongoing strain of passionate barbarism; the Greeks, more than any other people, seem to have learnt everything and nothing from history. Perhaps they were too important too soon (*cf.* the British and the industrial revolution). That last parenthesis shows the temptations of *The Travelling Players* and reasonably indicates its provocative richness, an amplitude which is more than a result of mere length and sprawl. The troupe of actors suffers hardships, loses members, goes into temporary retirement and re-groups across two decades.

And, of course, as a device, it is admirably suited to admitting the picaresque: there are marvellous passages that one was waiting for at a second sitting. Mostly, they rewarded memory. The film, since it implies all the world's a stage, can commute between degrees of naturalism and Brechtian cabaret set-ups. It can even accommodate the odd, direct address to the camera, where – for one flaring instance – Eva Kotamandiou may wipe off the make-up blood after a rape and narrate the stony business of the 'Battle of Athens', where our General Scobie (on a directive from Churchill, not mentioned) put his troops at the service of right-wing groups and collabos. Poor Scobie comes brutally into it, in doggerel form, in a choreographed scene in a restaurant, which might be taken as epitomising the stylistic peculiarities of the film as a whole. It is New Year, 1945/6. Gangster-hatted fascists, ten males, dance with one another; a band of those fine-eyed communists drop in with their women; the confrontation takes place through a kind of warfare of songs. To the beat of 'In the Mood', a left-wing lady suddenly assumes the rostrum and belts out a scabrous anti-Scobie ditty; a dapper right-wing 'patriot' fires a shot; the lefties leave, showing themselves to be unarmed. Cut to the drunken fascists (in one of many long, long travelling shots) advancing at us, singing *their* songs, down a street, at first straggling, then forming into a marching body, that – as the camera draws back – is enthusiastically engulfed by a throng of supporters for Field-Marshal Papagos: we have moved from '46 to '52. The Hungarian director, Miklos Jancso, inevitably comes to mind time and again. His sustained, bravura takes; his use of songs as weapons: Angelopoulos must surely have borrowed from this increasingly formalised creator; but, like the best of borrowers, he makes it new.

Because his work, for all its in-and-out theatricality, is rooted in the actual. At its most surrealistic, as when a loopy British officer has the players do their *Golfo* for him and his men beside the sea, responding in turn with renditions of *Roll Out the Barrel* and *Tipperary* (a sniper's bullet puts paid to the second), it is credible: war is, after all, a huge indulger of lunacy. One does not come away from his kaleidoscopic test of endurance with a sense of let-down, or even battle-fatigue. There have been enough achieved episodes – the one truly shocking occasion, a *coup de theâtre* in any meaning, has Elektra leading the remnants of her company in hand-clapping as her brother is lowered into a grave – to startle one into recognition of an important fresh talent operating to the limit. The have-camera, will-travel technique becomes a little wearing by the end, which finds the players becalmed – as in a group photo – as at the start. One doubts if some four hours were positively needed to encompass all Angelopoulos had to disburden himself of and takes leave to question if one might not be applauding oneself, as well as him, for staying-power. Yet the power is there – when it counts – to make one stay.

Steve Carrer's *Drum* tom-toms on where Richard Fleischer's *Mandingo* left off. Once again, the repellent screenplay has been drawn by Norman Wexler from a salacious Kyle Onstott novel. Set in Louisiana in the 1860s, the affair purports (let it be said with even less conviction than in *Mandingo*) to concern itself with the indignities perpetrated on the blacks by slave-traders. After an 1840 prologue and a later brothel-party in New Orleans, we are transported – the word is used advisedly – back to Falconhurst, home of Hammond Maxwell (now Warren Oates, and getting them with his pigmented 'bed-wenches'). It would hardly be worth wasting spleen on what occurs next if it weren't for the fact that *Drum*'s predecessor made money not only in the States but in Europe as well. This one is out to make even more, at a guess, re-hashing the temptations offered by noble black studs to restless white ladies, casting the glistening, coffee-with-a-dash-of-milk-coloured Ken Norton in a reprise of the role he played before (a *good* nigger who has more temptation thrust his way than most of us have had hot movies), deploying more synonyms for the male organ – of which 'tassel' is, on reflection, my favourite – than I went in knowing. John Colicos, to lend that extra something, plays a vindictive, gay aristo, one D'Marigny, as if he were determined to sabotage the overall nastiness in the cause of mirth – uncured, incurable ham – and our censor has let through a heavier than usual quota of bloody fights and whippings. A closing freeze carries the awful implication there may be yet another of these racist rottennesses on the way.

Max Baer's *Ode to Billy Joe* is apparently based on a Bobby Gentry hit song, vintage 1967. It is a strange piece, using the same teenage boy and girl (Robby Benson and Glynnis O'Connor) as appeared in the mawkish *Jeremy* of three years back. Presumably a preternaturally youthful audience is aimed at here. Another one for a kind of American nostalgia alient to me, the tale is located in Chickasaw County, Mississippi, late spring, 1953, and I am assured has

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strong period virtues. A 15-year-old girl and a 17-year-old boy (see above), rarin' to go at it, nearly do but fail because an older fellow has queered the lad's pitch. This Billy Joe jumps off a much-featured bridge, having confessed to young Bobbie Lee, the lass. Some tart lines and excellent playing by Miss O'Connor and Joan Hotchkis as her half-understanding ma lift it an inch or so out of the pubertal rut. Godard's 1968 *Sympathy for the Devil* leaves me wordless. Mick Jagger is reported as having said of it, 'He was such a fucking twot, but we didn't want to spoil his ego-scene.'

Architecture

Nathan Silver

The Crusher

Talk about your heavy buildings! A world contender for heavyweight champion in cost, bitter criticism, and sheer appreciable avoirdupois is the new London Central YMCA development, not a T-square's fling from those other modern baroque monuments, Centrepoint, and the Klondike-style clapboarded Blue Posts pub at the bottom of Tottenham Court Road. As the *Guardian* began to reveal last week, the most interesting thing about this development may be its financing: the lapse in normal government over-scrutiny which now means that all but perhaps ½ million pounds of the 15½ million was and will be paid for (in cash, charitable tax relief, or unending debt-service subsidies) by taxpayers and ratepayers, some of whom aren't young, male, Christian, or very sociable. One sees how the comical assumption that not irresponsibility but only corruption needs to be guarded against must have contributed to the situation of a charitable body with no doubt irreproachably saintly intentions causing the biggest housing rip-off yet. To take the story a shade further, the London Central Y board clearly gave themselves up to unregulated fantasies about the paradise for youths they would build. Elsworth Sykes Partnership, the architects, and Philip Pank and Partners, the quantity surveyors, were happy to oblige, and what with starry-eyed clients and no adequate cost cautions, disaster befell. Only the timely arrival of the 1974 Housing Act, promising heavy subsidies to deserving charitable housing associations, saved these worthies from appreciable discomfort and loss of fees if not ruin. Sanctioned by the Act, a generous DoE and Camden Council began to throw public money at the Y's problem until it went away.

What have we got for our money, then? What we *haven't* got are the more valuable elements of the very complex building complex, which the Y in an eleventh-hour display of commercial astuteness managed to retain: these include two whole sub-basement levels of parking run by National Car Parks ('Camden insisted on them for shoppers'); a probably magnificent, still unfinished huge sports centre with squash courts, gym, swimming pool, saunas, solaria, etc., to be run as a club; a conference centre with small rooms and 350-capacity hall; two restaurants; a hotel. What 'we' have is simply a theoretical housing gain, in the shape of about 600 small (8 ft x 11 ft 6 in), kitchenless, mostly single-occupancy hostel rooms. These are not even owned by the DoE or Camden but by the YMCA Housing Association, whose board incidentally is identical with that of London Central YMCA. Camden have mere 'nomination rights' for all these rooms, and so far there have been under ten takers from their housing list. I suspect two reasons for this. First, the very high rents, £18-£28 per week per room, which were set by the local Rent Officer. These could no doubt be appealed, but it better suits a housing association to have the income of high rents, let deserving occupants apply for rent rebates, and keep losses at a polite minimum. Since there are very few hostel occupants at the Y, deserving or not, the housing association itself could profitably apply (as it has done, while denying it) for a 'revenue deficit subsidy'. (The advantages of keeping the accommodation empty are what truly put one in mind of Centrepoint.) Second, there are only a handful of shared kitchens, which condemns most potential hostel residents to expensive eating out. The General Secretary and the Project Executive at the Y claim that fire regulations prevent kitchens from being installed, but this doesn't happen to be true. The real reasons may be the current financial advantages of keeping the rooms vacant, lack of further capital, or the hope that eventually the rooms will revert to the Y for what they prefer, transient hotel use.

In what must be only the beginning of an unfolding story, then, one gets a picture of a body of clients for a building who have innocently grandiose ideas at the outset, but who prove when troubles come along to be eminently capable of milking funds from the authorities. Meanwhile they succeed in retaining a high degree of administrative autonomy, and even the self-perpetuation of their same board and officers. My brief is to talk about architecture, however, only sidetracked a little by fascinating glimpses into how buildings arise and are paid for. What the Y actually looks like then: its apparent physical heaviness is due to the most elaborate configuration of ribbed, pre-cast concrete pieces, fragment upon fragment, a concrete shag rug in the air. Maybe it's beautiful, but it's certainly dumb. As even student architects know, the most costly way to build is to make exterior walls over-elaborate – each extra foot of exterior surface, each extra corner, carries a heavy price. It's not mere puristic insistence that makes most modern buildings slab-sided, or most architecture critics especially interested in the refinements that modify necessarily simple forms. The ultra-fragmentation of the Y thus isn't a responsible design.

In the Y's egregiously over-elaborate building surface, and in the concealed structure of the giant trusses and deep excavations and deeper piles, the professionals contributed their bit to the cost time-bomb. Complex buildings are often strangely accident-prone also, as this one was, running into ruinous delays through substructure problems, programme staging problems, labour bonus demands. One would almost suppose the crises and embarrassment were foreseeable. Are the administrators at the Y then embarrassed? They seem unruffled and self-confident, not unnaturally, considering their success in finding the funds in the end. 'This is a prime site in Central London,' says Mr Leslie Adams, General Secretary and in charge of the building development: 'you can't go wrong, can you?' Mr Adams's career was as a hostel warden all his life, looking after boys. He is a kind man and I'm sure he was a good warden. The largest previous building project he had to do with was a hostel extension in Liverpool in the Fifties, and at about one-fiftieth the cost. The Y certainly won't 'go wrong' now; it's us. Instead of having bought with public funds, say, two medical schools, or a large general hospital, or proper housing association flats for perhaps 4,000 people, we've got 586 cubbyholes with bathrooms instead. Now there will be calls for Mr Shore to have the DoE exercise more control over housing associations, though controls are nearly suffocating these usually worthwhile bodies already. Really what is wanted from the DoE is not more control, but far better judgment.

Art

Jasia Reichardt

Manhole

L. S. Lowry 1887-1976 *Royal Academy until 14 November*

Five years ago, at the age of 83, Lowry gave up painting. Having made some 1,000 paintings and perhaps twice as many drawings, he laid down his brushes and pencils because he believed that he had said everything he had to say and he didn't want to repeat himself. Since then a new view of him has emerged, due mainly to the fact that since giving up painting Lowry had said some forthright things which were duly reported. Far from being the acquiescent, solitary and unworldly artist through his own choice, Lowry regretted the fact that his success came so late:

> First, I painted portraits that nobody wanted, then I painted landscapes nobody wanted and

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then for 30 years I painted mill scenes, and went on to something else, all they could talk about was mill scenes. I'm sick of it! I don't give a tuppenny damn what they do in London in the art world. It doesn't matter to me. They can all go to the devil as far as I'm concerned!

Lowry was touched by admiration, he liked money, read the *Financial Times*, and when in the Sixties he was proudly told by his gallery that his paintings were fetching record prices he said that it was a pity that for him it was too late.

Even then what we knew about his life was incomplete, though enough has been written and published about him. What had recently emerged is that he worked full time for the Pall Mall Property Company from 1910 to 1952, first as a rent collector and clerk and finally rising to the position of chief cashier of the firm, from which he retired on full pension. We now know that he could never have been a full-time art student and that his prolonged studies at the Manchester and Salford Art Schools, for over 20 years, were only part time. Even so, he remained sceptical about art education and the heartfelt advice he gave to the students of Hornsey College of Art in the Sixties was to forget everything they had learnt as soon as they left college. What he did consider important was to make his pictures as real as possible and this is why he felt that William Fitz, the American portrait painter who gave him private tuition in Manchester, was particularly good because he had a way of making the student 'seek out the form of things'.

The reality Lowry sought to express came from observation. To find it, one had to peel away layers of the visible world with one's eyes. About the people he painted he said: 'They are real people; sad people; something's gone wrong in their lives.' He observed the world around him and was also fascinated to see what other people were looking at. In 1963 on the way to Charing Cross Station with a friend, Lowry noticed a man looking intently through a hole in a wall. Despite the train they had to catch, they waited for some time to have the opportunity of sharing the man's view through the hole, but the man never moved. In the catalogue note to the painting *Bird Looking at Something*, Mervyn Levy discusses the fact that Lowry was always fascinated by the idea of people, animals and birds looking at something no one else could see. On one occasion, watching a cat staring intently into the distance, Lowry turned to his companion and said, 'If we could only see one half of whatever it is that he can see, we'd know a lot more than we do, Sir!' What Lowry saw did not always coincide with what others saw. When he painted *The Cripples*, which included many different kinds of cripples, idiots and derelicts, a friend complained that it would be impossible to find so many cripples in the whole of Manchester, to which Lowry retorted: 'People say there aren't as many as I make out, but there are. If you don't want to see them you don't see them.'

Little has been said to date about the formal qualities of Lowry's paintings and drawings, although these are as remarkable as the compositions of Seurat. Most of the paintings are balanced on a central axis and some are almost completely symmetrical no matter from which side one looks at them. The central emphasis is often achieved by a road leading into the distance towards a centrally placed building, a gateway, a tree planted in the middle of a square, or a group of people where the tallest is surrounded by others gradually decreasing in size, rather like a human hill. The figures in processions, going to work, pouring out of factories, attending fairs and football matches, are like surging streams of energy in the pale streets and against the solid buildings, animating a formal and static composition.

The content of Lowry's paintings is not always obvious and often one has to rely on the short title to deduce its meaning. Thus one needs to know that the grim-looking group of four adults and one child is called *Boy with a Stomach-ache*, and that the crowd of people in front of a factory is called *An Accident*. Generally, however, Lowry accepted the interpretation given to his pictures by others and so, apart from the fact that he considered most of the figures in his paintings to be himself, with many of the works we can never know what the scenes represent exactly. Paintings of Lowry's which are most loved are the crowded and detailed scenes of the industrial north. For me, however, among the most moving, the most complete and expressive are his latest works: the grotesque figures and personages which Ionesco and Beckett might easily recognise as their own creations, and which Lowry painted when he largely stopped caring about what the world might say.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Soccer Punch

The Worst of Kenneth Robinson *Mermaid*
Just a Little Bit Less than Normal *Theatre Upstairs*
Stag Night *Jeannetta Cochrane*

Kenneth Robinson spends his one-man show dawdling over the piano: a demure, fluffy-pated figure, strangely like a Jimmy Carter who has transplanted his ivories from mouth to keyboard for the nonce. He turns out to be (a) a smug philistine, hideously apt to ingratiate himself with the ignorant by mocking paintings and sculpture he makes not the slightest effort to understand, (b) a notable force for good, never more effective than when he is exposing the desecration inflicted on the fair face of London by idiot planners and architects. In other words, I laughed at his downbeat, confidential banter when I agreed with it, which I suppose says as much about me as him. An item on the South Bank ('it looks as if it's been raining, even when it hasn't') delighted me no less than his offhand sneers ('very useful if you're short of a hatstand') made me want to blow raspberries on the plastic Hum-a-Zoo that had been thrust into my sweaty paw as I entered the auditorium ('all those on the left hand side, sing A'). The truth about Robinson, perhaps, is that he represents good, old-fashioned common sense, a virtue not calculated to cope very constructively with the new, unusual or unconventional, however appropriate it may be for the Barbican development, HM Stationery Office, foreign phrase books, Willi Frischauer on Frost, the Duchess of Bedford on herself, and all the evening's more obvious targets. His is a very conservative wit.

None of us would like to lose half a leg, especially if we enjoyed playing football. But I wonder how representative, and therefore how relevant, is the reaction of the young protagonist of the updating of O'Casey's *Silver Tassie* that its author, Nigel Baldwin, has called *Just a Little Bit Less than Normal*. He is bewildered, angry, suspicious, hostile, equally resentful of those who offer him their sympathy and those who withhold it: all (I hasten to say) natural emotions, plausible responses to the experience of being blown up in a pub, cut up in hospital, rejected by a girl friend and repossessed by an over-solicitous mum. The more people suffer, the more they need to be suffered – yet the more insufferable they often become, and the less they *are* suffered. But young Danny is offered an escape from this circle in the form of an artificial leg, which he refuses contemptuously and for no clear reason; and it was at this point I lost patience, though not so much with him as with the plot of which he's victim.

Mr Baldwin, it seems, is so determined to believe that life holds nothing but scorn and misery for those 'just a little bit less than normal' that he wilfully ignores the human evidence all around him. Not only are there plenty of useful, constructive and far from suicidal citizens much more helplessly crippled than his Danny, there are hundreds of amputees padding competently around town at this moment, unrejected by their friends and fiancées. A piece of pink plastic, fixed just below the knee, refutes half of Mr Baldwin's thesis and vitiates most of his play: which is a pity, because his dialogue is often taut and arresting and the acting, especially that of Karl Johnson as the boy valetudinarian, hardly less so.

The National Youth Theatre always reminds me of Oxford Street in mid-December: jostling, hectic, loud, a traffic jam on the pavement. Sometimes its masters manage to discipline and shape all that energy – witness their justly celebrated productions of Peter Terson's *Zigger-Zagger* and *The Apprentices*. Sometimes it remains as random as the hurly-burly of pickpockets, buskers and Father Christmases outside Selfridges. The second is, I fear, the case this time, though not altogether because of the casual direction and uneven acting. It would take more than experience and expertise to make a comic success of Willis Hall's *Stag Night*, a desultory straggle of an evening about a desultory straggle of an evening, a failed study of failure. With stronger characterisation, or more inventive incident, or better lines, or some or all of these things, it might have been possible to

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maintain some interest in the young blood who attempts to raise money for his soccer club by presenting its members with soggy chips, old fish, inadequate booze, a flabby comedian and a podgy stripper who turns out to be the mother of the outside-right. As it was, I found myself more interested in the rumblings of my stomach than those onstage.

Television

Ian Hamilton

All-Risk Policy

Most predictions about the future of South Africa take it for granted that the whites are simply too powerful, too determined and well armed, for any black protest from within to be worth the lives that it would cost. External force or gradual internal change would be the means by which improvements might result. There has always been a defeated, long-term ring to forecasts of this kind – one day, one day – and it has rarely been thought that the South African blacks themselves would be allowed much of a guiding hand in how things eventually turned out. The great merit of *This Week*'s (Thames) superb special on South Africa was that it vividly corrected this impression, revealing that there was far more steady purposefulness behind Soweto than I think many of us would have guessed.

One of the many impressive lessons to emerge from the programme's set of interviews with black leaders was that in South Africa today the young are awakening the old, that energetic youthful protest seems to be opening doors which were thought to be permanently closed. And now that Soweto has happened, the solidarity between the generations is genuinely impassioned. Time and again it was said that the blacks now had an unshakeable obligation to those killed in the riots, that already there were far too many martyrs for the rebellion either to be crushed or simply to die down: 'If we stop it now we may never get it back'; 'They're going to have to ban everybody, detain everybody, kill everybody.'

And this was not bluster, nor fanatical.' The interviewees knew all too well the risks they were running by talking as they did, and indeed two of them had already been arrested by the time the programme reached our screens. But there was a totally persuasive calm not just in the way they accepted the inevitability of their own arrests but also in their conviction that there would be others of similar courage and determination to replace them, and then others. Even Kruger wasn't tough enough to wipe out the country's entire labour force.

The risks discussed in *The Risk Business* (BBC-1) could hardly fail to seem puny by comparison. Not that it isn't hard at the best of times to get worked up about the possibilities of glass-reinforced cement, which was the lovingly scrutinised subject of the show. The stuff was invented way back in the Sixties and many profitable years were wasted trying to get someone interested in marketing it; we followed the glum inventor on his several humiliating trips to Pilkingtons, who didn't want to know until their 'industrial information unit' heard that a rival firm was going to take the plunge. Suddenly enthusiastic, they persuaded the government to join with them in bagging exclusive rights to the product, and now all it seems is going swimmingly. I was never quite sure what we were supposed to deduce from this saga; were we to praise the cagey Pilkingtons for making sure that they were sure, or to laugh at them for being tardy? The latter, presumably, but then why the almost forelock-tugging respectfulness with which the head Pilkington was quizzed? Funny programme, made odder by the presence of a hefty reportress straight out of *The Avengers*; every so often, she'd leap from behind a kiln wearing some new piece of sub-industrial fashionware and leeringly produce another dire statistic. I didn't get her name, but I've got an uneasy feeling we're going to see lots more of her.

Another of the week's more offputting sights was that of the 90-year-old playwright Ben Travers doing his keep-fit stuff on the *Parkinson* show (BBC-1). Parkinson got the poor old chap to lie on the floor and then hoist his frail legs so that his toes touched the ground *behind his head*; we leaned forward to savour the inevitable coronary, but Travers pulled the stunt with total ease and then challenged his host to do it too. Happily, years of lounging around on chat-shows have taken their toll, and Parkinson spent the rest of the programme looking abnormally ruminative. So much so that his main guest, Jimmy Tarbuck, who came bouncing on determined to upstage anyone in sight, had to positively goad some response out of his questioner. Even the revelation that on holiday in Spain the Barnsley boy had been seen dancing with a 'local poof' produced only the mildest flicker of embarrassment.

The opening issue of our 'first ever transatlantic magazine programme', *London/New York* (Thames) was of staggering pointlessness. In London the mechanical Dick Cavett made the New York based Eammon Andrews look fidgety and awed; each of them had a bench-load of guests and the idea was to coax out of them lively comparisons between the two cities. Mia Farrow had some novel thoughts on the difference in 'tempo'; it seems that things move somewhat faster in NY. Lynn Redgrave, who is married to an American, took the opportunity to send warm messages to her relatives ('You realise,' said Cavett, 'you're using a very expensive satellite to mail postcards'). Carroll Baker looked older than she used to. 'What *is* all this,' we were beginning to protest when the heavyweights arrived. Abe Beame went into his bemusing routine about New York's basically healthy finances and then we were whisked off to meet the bibbed figure of our own Lord Mayor. Cavett set about him with investigative fervour: 'Are you expected to be a model of probity? Could you be seen coming out of an X-rated movie? What's the bread in this game?' Eammon had the look of a man who thought he should get home quickly to help out.

The repeat of BBC-1's Play for Today, *The Gangsters*, was intended to warm us up for this week's new series. Some vigorous skulduggery and a nicely complicated plot: but the real interest was in working out who was going to last long enough to make the spin-off. As the corpses fell, you could hear the sound of careers crashing, and many a bit-part thug looked more worried about being out of work than about the pistol in his back.

Ballet

Oleg Kerensky

Fan Club

London Festival Ballet *Royal Festival Hall*

There are a lot of new foreign names in Festival Ballet, helping to give the company the strongest line-up of principals it has had for a long time. In particular, three budding ballerinas – Manola Asensio, Liliana Belfiore and Noëlle Taddei – are considerable assets. So of course are Royal Ballet graduates Patricia Ruanne, Paul Clarke and Nicholas Johnson, and the Monégasque Alain Dubreuil who has returned to Festival after a sojourn with the Royal. Clarke, happily recovered from recent injuries and looking more glamorous than ever, did a fine Albrecht to Ruanne's touching and neat Giselle; Belfiore was a strong commanding Myrtha, even though he lacked the height now generally associated with this role. Taddei was most charming and romantic in *Spectre de la Rose*, with Johnson stylish and attractive, if not sufficiently exciting, as Nijinsky – or, beg pardon, as the spirit of the rose.

I'm not yet sure how much of an asset all the new Common Market names in the middle ranks are going to be. At present, many of the supporting soloists still look insecure, and ensembles are often ragged. Lifar's tricky display piece *Noir et Blanc*, for example, needs about nine flashy and sympathetic principals and a very strong corps de ballet if it is to seem worth doing. On Monday I reckoned five principals were up to scratch. Two of them, Taddei and Patrice Bart, come from the company at the Paris Opéra which originally created the work – ideally it needs the deep stage and special atmosphere of an opera-house, not the Festival Hall's noisy, shallow platform.

Asensio, Ruanne and Clarke were the other three who scored. They, along with Dudley von Loggenburg, also danced the leading roles in Ronald Hynd's *The Sanguine Fan*, which had its London premiere in the same programme. Created in Monte Carlo in July, it's a likeable and enigmatic little piece set at a fashionable turn-of-the-century ball. Bearing out my contention last week that there's nothing wrong with escapism and classicism, Hynd arouses our

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interest and gladdens our eyes without providing anything very detailed in the way of a story or anything very original in the way of choreography. Vaguely suggested by *Lady Windermere's Fan* and by Elgar's title for his strangely neglected ballet music, it's about twin brothers who give a party and get involved with two of their guests. The fan which one brother gives to one lady is 'lost' and then carried by the other, the modest bouquet which the other chose turns out to contain a necklace, while in the end there are actually three identical fans at the party!

All this is a peg for a series of flowing dances, mostly romantic waltzes with high lifts, to Elgar's melodious but conventional score. Peter Docherty has provided elegant long frocks for the ladies and flattering tail coats for the men, and a few simple props and a balustrade which serve to suggest an aristocratic setting. Clarke and von Loggenburg, aided by wigs and moustaches, look remarkably alike, Asensio registers various suspicions and rages as Ruanne acquires a fan and then the jewels, and Ruanne suggests that she may indeed be a scheming Mrs Erlynne. Finally the brothers conspiratorially shake hands. Was the whole thing a cunning scheme to test the women, or is this a theatrical device to give a further hint of meaning to a slight work?

There is an honourable tradition of ballets like this – Balanchine's *Night Shadow*, Andrée Howard's *La Fête Etrange*, and Peter Darrell's *Jeux* spring to mind. *The Sanguine Fan* isn't the best of this genre, but it's several cuts above many recent creations and it makes a pleasant filling for a triple-bill. This one ended with Lichine's ever-delightful *Graduation Ball*, with Johnson as a vivacious cadet, Belfiore and Vivien Loeber as strong competitors in the *fouetté* competition and Bart as an athletic drummer who must learn to twirl his batons.

Weekend Competition

No 2429 **Set by The Lemon Kid**

A calypso, please, for the high-riding tourist team to chant on their way back to the West Indies. About 12 humiliating lines by 24 September.

Result of No 2426 **Set by Little Keith**

Competitors were asked to compose a great synthetic poem, all of whose lines would already be familiar to any browser of Palgrave.

Report **by Spiro Keats**

It proved easy enough – as of course I knew it would, when I tossed the idea round the office – to string together consecutive sonorities on the subject of death, on the subject of love, on the subject of youth, youth! Unsurprisingly, too, the humble clump of the iambic pentameter made for monotonous anthologising. But to yoke 12 discretely resonant lines together without strain produces a pleasant slipped-lens effect, and I enjoyed the additional restraints of Mr Margison's lines on drought and Ms Gracechurch's Eliotean pot pourri. Honourable mentions to Joyce Johnson, Jethro Tucket, D. R. Johnson and J. P. Marriott. £6 to the winners.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang
Where heaves the turf in many a
mould'ring heap,
Dust unto dust, and under dust to lie.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honest flood,
Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song;
I love the brooks that down their channels fret,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
The enamel'd arras of the rainbow wearing:
How sweet it were, hearing the
downward stream!
ROGER MARGISON

Man's life is a cheat and a disappointment
Here I am, an old man in a dry month,
Living and partly living.
Because I do not hope to turn again
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.
I am moved by fancies that are curled
Under the bamboo tree.
April is the cruellest month, breeding
Daffodil bulbs instead of balls
Life is very long.
Ta ta, Goonight, Goonight.
MAUD GRACECHURCH

When lovely woman stoops to folly
In the happy fields of hay,
Then heigh-ho, the holly; this life is most jolly,
Gather ye rosebuds while ye may.
My heart leaps up when I behold
Thy long-preserved virginity;
Bring me my arrows of desire,
Because my love has come to me.
Let us go then, you and I,
Under the wide and starry sky,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.
S. J. KILMINGTON

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs;
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When youth grows spectre-thin and dies.
Stop and consider; life is but a day,
A dupe and a deceiver; a decay,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
And fools who came to scoff, remained to pray.
Visions of glory spare my aching sight,
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.
ANDREW PAUL

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The hungry sheep look up and are not fed;
Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey;
I would that I were dead.

O dark, dark, dark amid the blaze of noon
I heard a voice within the tavern cry
'The world is too much with us, late and soon,
And when we drink, we die.'

The time is out of joint; O cursed spite!
Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail
In the wide womb of uncreated night –
I die! I faint! I fail!
BASIL RANSOME

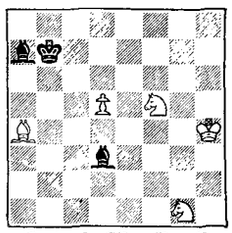
Assiac

Chess Board

No 1398 **More Prizewinners**

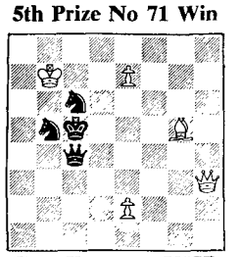
Just a reminder that to deal with the 16 awards 3 H.M.s & 4 Commends following next week) solvers have only till Thursday, 23 September when entries (rated 10 points each) must reach the office. Next day the column comes to the end of its long run, and solutions will appear in the same issue.

4th Prize No 24 Win



S. A. de Silva Brazil

5th Prize No 71 Win



G. M. Kasparyan USSR

Here now is the continuation of the

JURY'S REPORT

Fourth Prize No 24. *An original and charming model mate. A study destined for the anthologists.*

Fifth Prize No 71. *An ideal mate against a King in the centre. The Black Queen only stands and waits, although she serves in the variations.*

Sixth Prize No 87. *Black queens a pawn, but incredibly White has time to build a fortress of original design in which the Black King is incarcerated. The composer also submitted a win-study showing the antiform of this idea, and it was hard to decide which of the two should be chosen.*

Seventh Prize No 5. *White's Queen is soon imprisoned, but he manoeuvres his King with precision to draw against a Rook and two passed pawns.*

First Hon Mention No 83. *White's d-pawn makes a dramatic advance; to prevent its queening Black must give perpetual check.*

6th Prize No 37 Draw

S. T. Sahasrabudhe India

Second Hon Mention No 78. *All the pieces take part in the play which culminates in a surprising stalemate.*

7th Prize No 5 Draw

A. Koranyi Hungary

A pleasant duty to join Roycroft, Hooper and Sobey (and, indeed, a multitude of solvers and readers) in the thanks we owe to Richard Harman whose famous anticipation service has come to be most helpful to Tourney Juries all over the world. His collection of thematically related endgame studies is now getting on for 20,000, rather more than twice as many as he had when starting to assist our Judges 10 or 12 years ago.

First Hon Mention. No 83. *Draw.* **E. Janosi, Romania:** /2B5/5Kt2/5bK1/6p1/1pPk4/p5P1/3P4/8/.

Second H.M. No 78. *Draw.* **V. Khortov, USSR:** /8/7B/5rP1/Kt3k3/1kt6/8/1KbP4/8/.

Report on No 1395 *Set 20 August*

A: After 1) . . .Re4?? White could 'unpin' by 2) Rg3† and then grab the Rook.

B: 1) c6,b3; 2) c7,Bg†!; 3) Kg3:,b2; 4) c8=B! wins (whereas queening, of course, leads to stalemate).

C: 1) h4!,Ke5; 2) h5,Kf5; 3) f4!,e5; 4) e4†,Ke6; 5) f5†,Kf7; 6) Ka2:,Kg7; 7) Kb3,Kh6; 8) Kc4,Kh5:; 9) Kd5,Kg4; 10) Ke6,Kf3; 11) Kf6:,K4:; 12) Ke6, etc.

Prizes: I. R. Bradley, I. G. Kastanas (USA), J. Kelly (Mauritius), C. Sansom, A. J. Sobey. Last ladder-decade (108): 1) J. R. Holland (939); 2) J. Gill (938); 3) I. R. Bradley (869); 4) J. D. Taylor (827).

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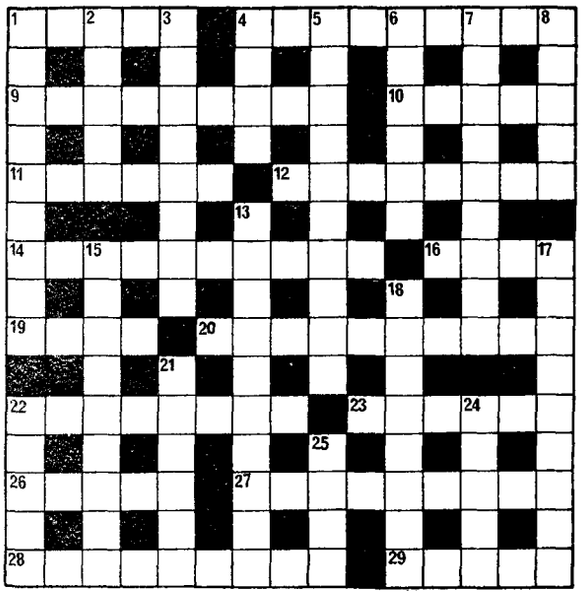
Weekend Crossword 1181

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1181, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 21 Sept.



ACROSS

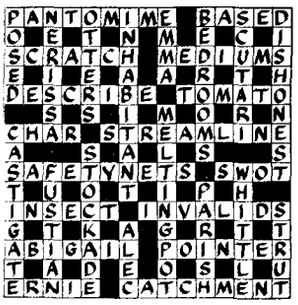
1. Guide for a woman in an ancient city (5).
4. Extravagant in cunning in a conformist manner (9).
9. Prudence as a means to accuracy in battle (9).
10. One who has to pay a penny as settlement? (5).
11. Lives for clothes? (6).
12. Unpleasant feelings as I mix among men (8).
14. Amateur gets title wrong with poet around (10).
16. 'No children run to — their sire's return' (Gray) (4).
19. Something soft for a county (4).
20. Without a black liquid the anaesthetic would make the old man worse (10).
22. Ridiculous performance of a score without something to wear (8).
23. Position of arms may show I am born OK (6).
26. Medium of publicity in a city (5).
27. Deal suits shuffled in weakness (9).
28. Mother and son enter horse as something to eat (9).
29. Fund for Miss Bennet (5).

DOWN

1. Discovered in the nude wandering without a base (9).
2. Given a job in the month I reduced my weight (5).
3. Has regard for secret broadcast about additional message being sent up (8).
4. Story two of which could be taken either way (4).
5. Alluring as a made-up tart on the stage (10).
6. Foreigner has reverse of help in accommodation (6).
7. Tries to sell an axe for a turtle (9).
8. Beats the batsman for the county (5).
13. Dance with insect between sailor and girl (10).
15. Plain man who is possibly now all red (9).
17. Merely holding the concession up deliberately (9).
18. Choose a source of light for a figure of fun (8).
21. Something to wear for an iron woman (6).
22. River marks end of fight over a border (5).
24. Shed for farmer and broadcaster (5).
25. A female who takes part in the men's singles (4).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1179



Prizewinners to No 1179

I. G. James (Aintree)
John Cooper (Grays)
Mrs J. Loutz (Le Mesnil St. Denis)

APPOINTMENTS

LONDON BOROUGH OF ENFIELD EDUCATION COMMITTEE

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required for this residential school for maladjusted boys aged 7-16 years near Bletchley in Buckinghamshire. There is a full-time and a part-time vacancy at the School.

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Salary RCCOI £1,701-£2,529 per annum plus an additional payment of £312 per annum. The salary will be a proportion of the above for the part-time vacancy. A deduction of £411 per annum is made for board and lodging, a further £120 per annum is payable to holders of the CTC certificate or similar qualification. Prescribed conditions.

Application forms and further particulars (enclose s.a.e.) are available from the Head Teacher, Wavendon House Residential School, Wavendon, Milton Keynes MK17 8AJ and should be returned to him by Friday 24 September.

JOURNALIST

The Telegraph (MNAOA)
a monthly tabloid newspaper for Merchant Navy and Airline Officers, requires a journalist (NUJ member) to assist in producing this newspaper.
Applicant must be a firm believer in the Trade Union movement and its objectives. Knowledge of the various aspects of shipping and civil aviation an advantage.
Contributory pension scheme.
Application by letter to:
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The Telegraph (MNAOA),
750/760 Leytonstone High Rd,
London E11 3BB.

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SECRETARY GENERAL

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Application forms, returnable by 4 October 1976, together with a job specification, may be obtained from:

The Acting Head of the Liberal Party Organisation,
1 Whitehall Place, London SW1A 2HE.

SHAC

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Accountant and Administrator

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The person appointed will join a team of 3 to liaise with volunteers in West Africa probably with particular reference to Ghana and Sierra Leone, to contribute to decisions on which future jobs should be filled, to supervise the practical arrangements for volunteer placements.

He or she will probably have undertaken a period of work in one of the poorer countries of the world preferably in West Africa and will have imagination, oral and written fluency and administrative ability. There will be opportunities to tour overseas and, in principle, to transfer to Field Officer posts overseas at a later stage.

Starting salary by negotiation, depending on experience, in the region £3,000.

For further details and application form, contact David Collett, Director, Voluntary Service Overseas, (Ref: NST) 14 Bishop's Bridge Road, London W2 6AA (Tel: 01-262 2611).

Closing date for applications 27 September.

COMMONWEALTH STUDENTS' CHILDREN SOCIETY

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GREATER LONDON ARTS ASSOCIATION

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The Officer will complete the last two years of a three-year pilot project, jointly funded by GLAA with financial support from the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation, to discover ways in which the Association's work may be both extended and strengthened in the whole field of education.

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Further details and application forms are available from the Director, Greater London Arts Association, 25/31 Tavistock Place, London WC1H 9SF.

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This is a new project intended to provide emergency accommodation for homeless youngsters within the context of a counselling service aimed at helping youngsters to be reunited with their family or settled in suitable permanent accommodation.

Council for Community Relations in Lambeth is responsible for pioneering this innovative short stay hostel, which is expected to be a vital resource in the community. It will be operated through close liaison with Social Services, youth workers and other local projects.

Applicants for the post of Warden/Manager should have proven organising experience, ability to relate to young people with multiple social problems in a multi-racial setting such as Brixton, ability to supervise staff, and a commitment to the successful operation of such a scheme.

Similar qualities are being sought from the support Care/Counselling Assistants.

Salaries: Warden £3,426 - £4,251 (inclusive) depending on qualification/experience. A responsibility allowance is also payable.

Assistants: £2,703 - £3,027.

Further details and application forms are available from Herman Ouseley at CCRL, 441 Brixton Road, SW9 8HE (Telephone 01-274 7722 ext. 168).

Closing Date: 24 September 1976.

RESEARCH ASSISTANT

We require someone to assist our research into the possibilities of developing a multi-purpose co-operative village. Knowledge, or an interest, in low cost housing is essential.

The person appointed should be capable of understanding research (collation and presentation of information and statistics, report writing) into a wide range of housing, against the background of regional, urban and rural planning.

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Applications to: **Peter Elderfield, Building and Social Housing Foundation, 87 Belvoir Road, Coalville, Leic. LE6 2PH.**

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LABOUR MP seeks part-time Secretary to work in West London area. Box 5176.

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YOU MUST BE SOMEWHERE, looking for me, and I'm trying so hard to find you. I think you'll be gentle, loving, humorous, not all-wise, and needing me very much. I'm Yorkshire, slim, fair, 5'3", young 54, div., warm, loving and unpretentious. We could be companions/lovers/partners, sharing music, books, wine, love, laughter and work, travel, firesides and gardens. Please write and say hello. Box 5153.

FEMALE GRADUATE, 35, son aged 8, interests varied, seeks m. companion, 35-45, for conversation and outings, East Anglia, London. Box 5152.

LECTURER & JOURNALIST; middle-aged, fond of children and family life, politically active in the Labour movement. Many intellectual interests and keen on many out of door activities, seeks lady for a good friendship and companionship. Leicester. Box 5110.

AUTHOR, financially independent, now a widower, 45, living alone in isolated house in far west of Cornwall, is keen for companionship of an intelligent, good-looking woman interested in books, travel and enjoyment of a literary life. Box 5096.

ROMANTIC WOMAN, who enjoys music, painting and good food, would like to meet an intelligent, mature man to share concerts & candle-lit meals. It might be fun to meet someone this way! If you feel like answering, please write fully to Box 5130.

IS THERE AN UNATTACHED, educated m., tall, kindly, lonely, who wld enjoy friendship with attractive, sympathetic, happy divorcee, 50s, many ints, London area? Box 5191.

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CHINA 1976: CONTINUING REVOLUTION in Factories, Communes and Classrooms. Report from Society for Anglo-Chinese Understanding delegation's visit to China, August 1976. Mon 13 Sept., 7.30 p.m. Holborn Central Library Hall, Theobalds Road, London WC1. All welcome.

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